

















Our Birthdays



EDWIN ARNOLD

BIRTHDAY BOOK

*Compiled from the works of Edwin Arnold, with new and  
additional Poems written expressly therefor*

EDITED BY  
KATHERINE LILIAN ARNOLD AND  
CONSTANCE ARNOLD

*(His daughters)*

Illustrated



BOSTON  
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY  
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

PR 14011  
.A7

Copyright by  
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

1884

12-30371

## PREFACE.

The preparation of this Volume has been a "labour of love" for its Editors, the daughters of the Poet, from whose works the extracts which it contains are taken. Some of these have been derived from poems, as yet, unpublished, and the introductory verses to each month were specially written for our "Birthday Book." The fewest words are best to introduce a volume so prepared; in compiling which we have experienced such pride and pleasure as cannot, of course, be wholly imparted even to the most admiring readers, in both Hemispheres, of the "Light of Asia." But, since melodious calendars of the kind are now a fashion, we believe that very many in America and at home will welcome a year-book of quotations, thus gleaned, and from so rich a field of imagination and intellect.

THE EDITORS.

LONDON, *August*, 1884.

## EDWIN ARNOLD BIRTHDAY BOOK.

*[Extract from letter of Mr. Edwin Arnold to his son, Mr. Julian B. Arnold, by arrangement with whom this book is published by D. Lothrop & Co.]*

“In regard to the Birthday Book which you tell me you are preparing for publication in America, I hereby transfer to you all such rights as I possess, for its production and copyright, and give you free and complete authority in the matter.”

“EDWIN ARNOLD.”

LONDON, *July*, 1884.



## The Year

Time hath three Daughters: one, with hooded brows,  
Sits in the shadow she herself doth cast  
Weaving a winding-sheet; & One hath charge  
Of marriage-robes & wedding-cornals, —  
Wherewith is hents' rose, & the hemlock-bud —  
And one, the Third, doth, with avowed face,  
And song, which she pelteth not itself in words,  
Spin the small wrapper, & the baby-band  
To swathe the yet unbreat'ning.

Of these Three  
One hath helped by these; one thou seest not;  
And one is all thine own, a Present Bride.  
Cleave to her like a lover; she shall teach  
Hope for To-morrow, & for Yesterday  
Peace and forgetfulness.

Edwin Arnold

## NEW YEAR.

Over town and hamlet ringing, let the merry song go  
singing

Welcome to the Young Year's beauty, and the blessed  
gifts she brings :

Greet her for the apple-blossoms wreathed about her  
budding bosoms.

Love her for the sunny days her barley-braided hair  
foretells,

Bless her for the pleasant plenty,—grape and grain  
that God hath sent ye ;

Laud her ! though we live to lose her in the snow,  
and chime the bells.





## JANUARY.

WHICH of the merry months shall I praise?

Meadow birds, say!

Shall the April nights, or the autumn days,

Have place in my lay?

“Oh the sun of the summer is golden and strong,

“And the flowers of the summer shine fairly and long,

“Sing thou to the summer the first of thy song,

“As we sing on the spray.”

No! no!

Meadow birds, no!

Mine is the month that is born in the snow.

May hath the bud, and the bee, and the dove,

And the sky of the summer is bluest above,

But the year's first month, she bringeth my love,

And her bridal-day!

Say, is it wrong

To keep crown and song

For the month that leadeth my lady along?

JANUARY 1st.

In the palace grounds  
An alcove on a garden gives, and there  
A tiny thing — forgot in the general fear,  
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,  
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly  
Through leaf and lattice — was that moment waking  
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking.

— “*The Epic of the Lion,*” from the French of Victor Hugo.

JANUARY 2d.

Beside him in the court  
Stood Dame Adalieta; comely she,  
And of her port as stately, and as sweet  
As if the braided gold about her brows  
Had been a crown.

— *King Saladin.*

All existence is not equal, and all living is not life.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JANUARY 1st.

JANUARY 2d.

JANUARY 3d.

“Set thine own lamp on high,  
“To shine at evening through the dark’ling sky,  
“And I will be Love’s ship — my pilot-star  
“That beam.”

— *Hero and Leander.*

Excellent heart! learn’d unknowingly,  
As the dove is which fieth home by love.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 4th.

Oh! ever, when the happy laugh is dumb,  
All the joy gone, and all the anguish come —  
When strong adversity and subtle pain  
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain —  
When friend once faithful, hearts once all our own  
Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone —  
The only calm, the only comfort heard,  
Comes in the comfort of a woman’s word.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*



JANUARY 3d.

JANUARY 4th.

JANUARY 5th.

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks

Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled ;  
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes  
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,  
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast ;  
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge  
With many a place of rest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 6th.

Wonderful Life !

So sad with partings, and so sweet with meetings,  
Made up of wild farewells, and wilder greetings ;  
Oh word, with wonder rife !

— *Dream-Land.*

What I know that will I answer. Ask !

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

JANUARY 5th.

JANUARY 6th.

JANUARY 7th.

Ah! The gleaming, glancing arrows of a lovely woman's  
eye

Feathered with her jetty lashes, perilous they pass us by.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

The kingdom that I crave  
Is more than many realms — and all things pass  
To change and death.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 8th.

Oh, you know!

His hair danced back from off his brow, like sprays  
Of bright amaracus, when the west winds blow,  
And all his neck, flushed with the heat of the games,  
Shone as thou shinest, Moon! but rosier pearl!

— *From Theocritus.*

Night listened in the glens  
And noon upon the mountains.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 7th.

JANUARY 8th

{ JOHN, EARL OF ST. VINCENT (Admiral Jervis), 1734. }

JANUARY 9th.

Naught call I now to mind he said or did,  
That was not rightly said or justly done.  
No idle words he spake, even in free speech  
Patient and lordly; generous to bestow  
Beyond all givers; scorning to be base  
Yea, even in secret.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

{ DR. GEORGE BIRBECK, 1776. }

JANUARY 10th.

— then in daring mood  
Sidelong he glanced and murmured half a word,  
And checked it to a sigh, itself half heard:  
Glance, word, and sigh so tender-timid were,  
Their silent speaking could not anger her;  
Nay, but it pleased! that gentle stratagem  
To tell the love which burned so plain in him.

— *Hero and Leander.*

JANUARY 9th.

JANUARY 10th.

JANUARY 11th.

Self, who in the Universe  
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,  
And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"  
And all things perish so if she endure.

— *The Light of Asia.*

In entertaining strangers a man may add to his friends.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JANUARY 12th.

Let no man miss to render reverence  
To those who lend him life, whereby come means  
To live and die no more.

— *The Light of Asia.*

— as all the spring runs down  
Into a lake, from all its hanging hills,  
The clash and glitter of a hundred streams.

— *King Saladin.*



JANUARY 11th.

JANUARY 12th.

JANUARY 13th.

Glory and praise to those sweet lamps of earth,  
The nine fair daughters of Almighty Jove,

. . . . .  
The healing secrets of their songs forego  
Despair ; and when we tremble at the waves  
On life's wild sea of murk incertitude,  
Their gentle touch upon the helm is pressed,  
Their hand points out the beacon star of good,  
Where we shall make our harbor, and have rest.

—*From Theocritus.*

JANUARY 14th.

“ I am as one who came  
Where, among roses, one bush, all aflame  
By fragrant crimson blossoms, charged the air  
With loveliness and perfume past compare.  
Then had I thought to load my skirt with roses,  
But ah ! the scent so rich, so heavenly, comes ;  
I let the border of my mantle fall —  
The roses slipped ! I bring ye none at all.”

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

{ CHARLES JAMES FOX, 1748 ;  
JOHANN AUGUST NEANDER, Historian, 1789. }

{ PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI, 1770. }

JANUARY 13th.

JANUARY 14th.

JANUARY 15th.

The glossy golden lilies of the land  
Lost lustre in her hair; and that she owned  
The noble Norman eye — the violet eye  
Almost — so far and fine its lashes drooped,  
Darkened to purple.

— *Vernier.*

Honour him for thine own honour — better is he than the  
best.

— *The Book of Good Counsels,*

JANUARY 16th.

A gentle wife, a noble friend she walks,  
Nor ever with the gossipmongers talks;  
Such women sometimes Zeus to mortals gives,  
The glory and the solace of their lives.

— *From Simonides of Amorgos.*

Who wins his throne and treasures from a prince,  
Must stand the hazard of the counter-cast.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

JANUARY 15th.

JANUARY 16th.

JANUARY 17th.

Some new face, some winsome playmate,  
With her hair untied,  
And the blossoms tangled in it,  
Woos him to her side.  
Fair? yes, yes! the rippled shadow  
Of that midnight hair  
Shows above her brow — as clouds do  
O'er the moon — most fair.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JANUARY 18th.

Better live and love and rue it,  
Than not live and love.

— *Griselda.*

He who walks low paths along  
Still keeping to the way, shall come  
Sooner and safer to his home  
Than the proud wanderer on the hill.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

{ VICTOR ALFIERI, Poet, 1749; }  
{ MOZART, Musician, 1756. }

{ CH. MONTESQUIEU, 1689; }  
{ DR. JOHN GILLIES, Historian, 1747. }

JANUARY 17th.

JANUARY 18th.

JANUARY 19th.

— one even as I,

Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs  
Which are not mine, except as I am man; —  
If such a one, having so much to give,  
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,  
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,  
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,  
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,  
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:  
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,  
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,  
The road would open for his painful feet.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 20th.

Never a jot cares my pretty jade for their anger.  
Sometimes she flings a smile to one, and frowns to his fel-  
low,  
Sometimes she softens to t'other — and there they stand in  
the beechwood,  
Laughed at, but mad with love — half-teased, half-pleased  
at the wanton.

— *From Theocritus.*

The broad blue spangled hangings of the sky.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*



JANUARY 19th.

JANUARY 20th.

JANUARY 21st.

The green waves leap  
At the cliff's white feet  
On the shore of the land of the free :—  
Fair music they make together,  
The cliff and the climbing foam ;  
And it sounds in the bright blue weather,  
Like the wanderer's welcome home.

— *The Wreck of the Northern Belle.*

JANUARY 22d.

" Sweet ! for thy love," he cried, " the sea I'd cleave,  
" Though foam were fire, and waves with flame did heave,  
" I fear not billows if they bear to thee ;  
" Nor tremble at the hissing of the sea !  
" And I will come — "

— *Hero and Leander.*

Plays the round of folly rarely.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

{ THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE, 1750. }  
{ FRANCIS DALTON, LORD VERNHAM, & INFOSOPHICAL, 1502, }  
{ LORD BYRON, Poet, 1788. }  
BORN.

JANUARY 21st.

JANUARY 22d.

JANUARY 23d.

Love once among the roses  
Perceived a bee reposing,  
And wondered what the beast was  
And touched it, so it stung him.  
\* \* \* \* But Cythera  
Said laughing, "Ah, my baby,  
If bees' stings hurt so sorely,  
Bethink thee what the smart is  
Of those, Love, that thou piercest."

— *From Anacron.*

JANUARY 24th.

Love the inmate, not the room;  
The wearer, not the garb; the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Nay, he was ever quick at numbers,— 'tis his vocation.

— *Griselda.*

{ JOHN HERBERT, Painter, 1810. }

{ CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET, Poet, 1637. }  
BORN.

JANUARY 23d.

JANUARY 24th.

JANUARY 25th.

To him the moon's icy-chill silver  
Is a sun at midday ;  
The fever he burns with is deeper  
Than starlight can stay :  
Like one who falls stricken by arrows,  
With the color departed  
From all but his red wounds, so lies  
Thy love, bleeding-hearted.  
— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

{ ROBERT BURNS, Poet, 1759 ;  
{ JAMES HOGG, Poet, 1772. }

JANUARY 26th.

— whose diadem  
Was set with peopled stars ; wherefrom arose  
Lauds to the glory of God, filling the blue  
With lovely music, as rose-gardens fill  
A land with essences ; and young stars, shaking  
Tresses of lovely light, gathered and grew  
Under his mighty plumes, departing still  
Like ships with crews and treasure, voyage-making.  
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

BORN. { LORD GEORGE SACKVILLE, Poet, 1716 ;  
{ THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, Poet, 1795. }

JANUARY 25th.

JANUARY 26th.

{ RICHARD BENTLEY, Theologian, 1674. }

JANUARY 27th.

Faith that will not fade or waver,  
Love that hath no end,  
Jewels fair for thee to wear, love,  
And for me to send.

— *The Casket.*

I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear  
Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

{ SIR ROBERT M'CLURE, Arctic Explorer, 1807. }

JANUARY 28th.

Peace and fortune thou wilt bring  
To thy city, to thy country!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

And still it glideth silently and slow,  
And still beneath the spectral letters grow —  
Now the scroll endeth — now the seal is set —  
The hand is gone — the record tarries yet.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*



JANUARY 27th.

JANUARY 28th.

JANUARY 29th.

Longing Leander, on the black waves' crest,  
Eying the light that led to Hero's breast ;  
Kind light — Love's jewel ! — which the mighty Jove  
Might well have taken to the orbs above,  
And set it shining in the spangled sky  
To be Love's star of all Heaven's company.

— *Hero and Leander.*

True friends counsel well.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JANUARY 30th.

Thou teachest them who teach,  
Wiser than wisdom is thy simple lore.  
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus  
Thy way of right and duty : grow, thou flower !  
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade — the light  
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves.

— *The Light of Asia.*

The guest is lord of all.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JANUARY 29th.

JANUARY 30th.

JANUARY 31st.

Swiftly did the doves fly,  
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder —  
Waving their pale plumes all across the ether,  
All down the azure!

— *From Sappho.*

Each beloved object born  
Sets within the heart a thorn,  
Bleeding, when they be uptorn.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

BORN. } BEN JONSON, Dramatic Poet, 1574. }

JANUARY 31st.









## FEBRUARY.

Rain — hail — sleet — snow — But in my East  
This is the time when palm-trees quicken  
With flowers, wherefrom the Arabs' feast  
Of amber dates will thenceforth thicken.

Female and male, apart they grow;  
And o'er the desert-sands is wafted,  
On light airs of the After-glow,  
That golden dust whence fruit is grafted.

No gray reality's alloy  
Your green ideal can diminish!  
You have love's kiss, in all its joy,  
Without love's lips, which let us finish!

FEBRUARY 1st.

“Worshipful! my heart  
Is little, and a little rain will fill  
The lily’s cup which hardly moistens the field.  
It is enough for me to feel life’s sun  
Shine in my Lord’s grace and my baby’s smile,  
Making the loving summer of our home.”

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 2d.

This scroll, and what it saith  
Ends my commission.

— *Griselda.*

Mistress, sweet and bright and holy!  
Meet him in that place;  
Change his cheerless melancholy  
Into joy and grace;  
If thou hast forgiven, vex not;  
If thou lovest, go;  
Watching ever by the river,  
Krishna listens low.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 1st.

FEBRUARY 2d.

BORN. { GEORGE LILLO, Dramatist, 1693;  
 { WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, Author, 1805  
 { FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY, Musical Com-  
 poser, 1809.

FEBRUARY 3d.

What lightning strikes, in sooth, like a fair face?  
 What arrow pierces like a woman's grace?  
 'Tis the eyes slay, thence fly the subtle darts  
 Which deal swift wounds and hurt unguarded hearts

— *Hero and Leander.*

Streams, that seek the sea,  
 The more they flow the wider be.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

FEBRUARY 4th.

I choose  
 To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,  
 Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes  
 My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:  
 Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,  
 Fed with no meats save what the charitable  
 Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp  
 Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.  
 This will I do because the woful cry  
 Of life and all flesh living cometh up  
 Into my ears, and all my soul is full  
 Of pity for the sickness of this world.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 3d.

FEBRUARY 4th.

FEBRUARY 5th.

How should I not be happy, blest so much.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Softly the sway of the pine-branches murmurs a melody, shepherd!

Down by the rim of the fountain, and softly dost thou, on the Pan-pipes,

Pipe to the pines: next to Pan thou bearest the bell for rare music.

— *From Theocritus.*

FEBRUARY 6th.

Not a life below the sun  
But is precious — unto one.  
Not an eye, however dull,  
But seems somewhere beautiful;  
Not a heart, howe'er despised,  
But is passioned for and prized.  
Fool who laughs at lack of graces  
Each one hath a many faces.

— *Facies non omnibus una.*

FEBRUARY 5th.

FEBRUARY 6th.

FEBRUARY 7th.

And a love-look lights her eyes in the gloom,  
And the darkness is sweet with her sighs.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,  
The sword his sceptre and the earth his throne—  
The nations trembled when his awful eye  
Gave to them leave to live, or doom to die.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

FEBRUARY 8th.

The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains  
A girl's hair lightly binds.

— *The Light of Asia.*

And wisdom deep his guerdon was.

And mighty things he knew;

Yet from each unlocked mystery

Some harder marvel grew.

— *Rest.*



FEBRUARY 7th.

FEBRUARY 8th

FEBRUARY 9th.

—and, in a bower of Paradise—  
Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,  
Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies—  
She sate.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Oh, moon! hide not thy face. Oh, white moon! listen  
and pity!  
Silver-faced Queen of the Stars, thou know'st we are  
not as immortals.

— *From Theocritus.*

FEBRUARY 10th.

One that hath  
A countenance like the full moons for light  
And eyes of lotus.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

In speech  
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,  
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,  
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 9th.

FEBRUARY 10th.

FEBRUARY 11th.

Consider! if a king should call thee "friend,"  
And lead thee to his court,  
Roofed large with lazulite, and paved  
With flow'rs, on green floors wrought;

Lo! but He doeth this — Allah our King,  
His sky is lazulite;  
His earth is paved with emerald-work; its stores  
Are spread for man's delight.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

FEBRUARY 12th.

And — angel albeit — her rich lips breathe  
Sighs, if sighs were ever so sweet;  
And — if spirits can tremble — she trembles now  
From forehead to jewelled feet.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Each from the goblet of a god shall sip  
And Judah's gold tread heavy on the lip.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

{ BERNARD DE FONTENELLE, Author, 1657. }

{ ELIAS DE CREBILLON, French Romancist, 1707; }  
{ CHARLES DARWIN, Scientific Writer, 1809. }

FEBRUARY 11th.

FEBRUARY 12th.

FEBRUARY 13th.

Stars! if my sweet love still a dreaming lies,  
Shine through the roses for a lover's sake,  
And send your silver to her lidded eyes;  
Kissing them very gently till she wake.  
Then while she wonders at the lay and light,  
Tell her, though morning endeth star and song,  
That ye live still, when no star glitters bright,  
And my love lasteth, though it finds no tongue.

— *Serenade.*

FEBRUARY 14th.

Speak once more! then thou canst not choose but  
show

Thy mouth's unparalleled and honeyed wonder  
Where, like pearls hid in red-lipped shells, the row  
Of pearly teeth thy rose-red lips lie under;  
Ah me! I am that bird that woos the moon,  
And pipes — poor fool! to make it glitter soon.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 13th.

FEBRUARY 14th

FEBRUARY 15th.

There came a woman, fair and sweet,  
So ravishing of form and mien  
That great Soharah, who is queen  
Of the third planet, hath not eyes  
As soft, nor mouth made in such wise.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 16th.

The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,  
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,  
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,  
And lifted universe of crest and crag,  
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,  
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice  
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until  
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.

— *The Light of Asia.*

} GALILEO GALILEI, Astronomer, 1564 }

BORN. } PHILIP MELANCTHON, Reformer, 1497. }



FEBRUARY 15th.

FEBRUARY 16th.

FEBRUARY 17th.

While gained for ever, I shall dare to grow  
Life to life with him, in the realms divine;  
And—Love's large cup at happy overflow,  
Yet ever to be filled—his eyes and mine  
Shall meet in that glad look, when Time's great gate  
Closes and shuts out fate.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

For holiest is the war that winneth Peace.

— *Address to the Earl of Derby.*

FEBRUARY 18th.

Forbiddest thou gift of the common stream  
To this idolator, spent with the heat,  
Who, in his utmost need, watered his beast,  
And bowed the knee in reverence, ere he drank?  
Allah hath borne with him these threescore years  
Bestowed upon him corn and wine, and made  
His household fruitful and his herds increase;  
And find'st thou not patience to pity him  
Whom God hath pitied, waiting for the end,  
Since none save He wotteth what end will come,  
Or who shall find the light.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

FEBRUARY 17th.

FEBRUARY 18th.

FEBRUARY 19th.

“If my love loved me, he should be a bee,  
I the yellow champak, love the honey of me.”

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

He shall tread the sad and lowly path  
Of self-denial and of pious pains,  
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost  
Worth keeping.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 20th.

Gods! Helen's town I've seen, and Sparta's dames,  
Whose charms make wars and give the world to  
flames;

But never saw I one that could compare  
With form so goddess-like and face so rare.

— *Hero and Leander.*

I thank thee for the blessing of such lore.

— *The Birth of Death.*

{ NICOLAUS COPERNICUS, Astronomer, 1473; }  
{ RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Dramatist, 1732. }  
  
{ F. M. A. DE VOLTAIRE, Poet, Dramatist, etc., 1694; }  
{ DAVID GARRICK, Actor and Dramatist, 1716. }  
  
BURN.

FEBRUARY 19th.

FEBRUARY 20th.

{ CARDINAL NEWMAN, 1807. }

FEBRUARY 21st.

Fortune! Rate her like a master,  
And she serves thee like a slave.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

For now I know, by what within me stirs,  
That I shall teach compassion unto men  
And be a speechless world's interpreter,  
Abating this accursed flood of woe,  
Not man's alone.

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of U S., 1731; }  
{ JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Poet, 1819. }

FEBRUARY 22d.

Nay, draw not near, *thou* wilt not turn the leaf  
Of old philosophy!

Well, an' thou'lt learn,

See how it saith, "That in the ancient date  
Priam of Troy"—Ah! but thou must not wait  
To kiss before we turn.

— *From Aristippus.*

Seeking nothing he gains all.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 21st.

FEBRUARY 22d.

FEBRUARY 23d.

“O Dewdrop!” said the Rose, “where didst thou gain  
This light, that like a gem on me hath lain?”

“A cloud,” he said, uplifted me from ocean,  
And I must trickle to the deep again.”

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Now thy name is his playmate — that only! —

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 24th.

Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,  
Only its laws endure.

The ordered music of the marching orbs  
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;  
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,  
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,  
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades  
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root  
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

— *The Light of Asia.*



FEBRUARY 23d.

FEBRUARY 24th

FEBRUARY 25th.

Where art thou, sweet?

I long for thee, as thirsty lips for streams!

Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,

Why do we never meet?

— *A ma Future.*

Be second and not first!—the share's the same  
If all go well. If not, the Head's to blame.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

FEBRUARY 26th.

Low whispers the wind from Malaya

O'erladen with love;

On the hills all the grass is burned yellow;

And the trees in the grove

Droop with tendrils that melt by their sweetness

The thoughts of the parted.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

In truthfulness of act be our faith seen.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

FEBRUARY 25th.

FEBRUARY 26th.

FEBRUARY 27th.

— none of these

Am I, good saints. No goddess of the woods  
Nor yet a mountain, nor a river sprite;  
A woman ye behold.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Thou knowest all without the books: and know'st  
Fair reverence besides.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 28th.

— doing right is more

Than any learning.

— *Love and Death.*

My soul for tenderness, not blame, was made;  
Mine eyes look through his evil to his good;  
My heart coins pleas for him; my fervent thought  
Prevents what he will say when these are naught;  
And that which I am shall be understood.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 27th.

FEBRUARY 28th.

FEBRUARY 29th.

Sweet seem your wedded days; and dear and tender  
Your children's talk; brave 'tis to hear the tramp  
Of pastured horses; and to see the splendour  
Of gold and silver plunder; and to camp

With goats and camels by the bubbling fountain;  
And to drink fragrance from the desert wind,  
And to sit silent on the mighty mountain;  
And all the joys which make life bright and kind.  
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

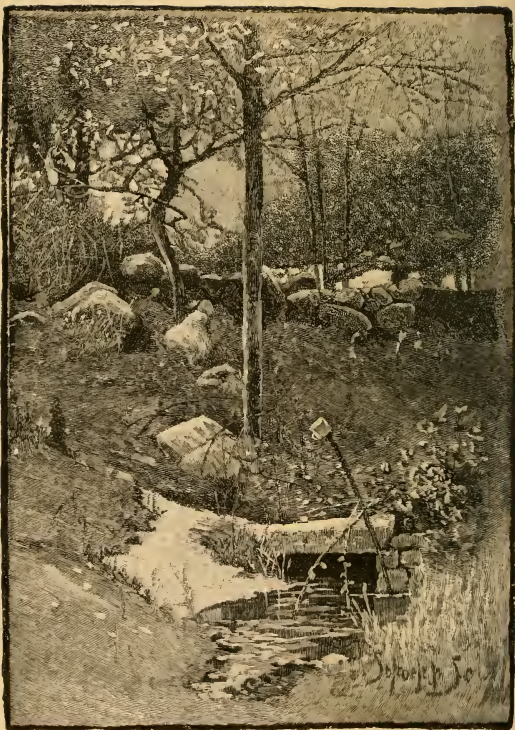
BORN. { GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, Musical Composer, 1792.

FEBRUARY 29th.









## MARCH.

Welcome! Northwind from the Norland!  
Strike upon our foremost foreland,  
Sweep away, along the moorland,  
Do thy gusty kind!

Thou and we were born together  
In the black Norwegian weather;  
Birds we be of one brave feather,  
Welcome, bully wind!

Go! with train of spray and sea-bird,  
Fling the milky waves to leeward,  
Drive the ragged rain-clouds seaward,  
Chase the scudding ships.

To the southwind take our greeting,  
Bid him send the Spring — his sweeting —  
Say what stout hearts wait her meeting,  
What bright eyes and lips.

MARCH 1st.

— Noblest, loveliest, best  
Who bear'st no gems, yet so becomest them,  
How like the new moon's silver horn thou art  
When envious black clouds blot it!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

And he's a fool that fights against his fate.  
He loses, and gets shame, besides his tears.

— *From Hesiod.*

MARCH 2d.

I love thee to-day as I loved thee before.  
I shall love thee as truly for evermore.

— *The Three Students.*

No pause — no standing-spot, no ground  
To slay the spirit's quest,  
In all around not one thing found  
So good as to be — "best."

— *Rest.*

MARCH 1st.

MARCH 2d

MARCH 3d.

Her face of alabaster all a-shine  
Like the pure moon when first it swims the sky.

— *Hero and Leander.*

But hear and help, ye wise and shining nine!  
I yearn and strive towards your heavenly side;  
Teach me the secret of the mystic sign,  
Give me the lore that guards, the words that guide.

— *From Proclus*

MARCH 4th.

The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,  
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear.  
As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes  
Seeth which buds will open to his beams  
And which are not yet risen from their roots;  
Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea! I preach!  
Whoso will listen let him learn the Law."

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ EDMUND WALLER, Poet, 1605;  
THOMAS OTWAY, Poet, 1651. }

BORN. { SIR HENRY RAEBURN, Painter, 1756. }

MARCH 3d.

MARCH 4th.

MARCH 5th.

Cheating them that truly trust you, 'tis a clumsy  
villainy.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

“I was not hopeless, for I won the prize  
At running, and the maidens call me fair.  
The one prize I have longed for since the feast  
Was once to touch the goal of those dear lips;  
Then I could rest — not else!”

— *From Theocritus.*

MARCH 6th.

‘Love’s strength is perfect in love’s utter weakness,  
Love’s nobleness is noblest in love’s meekness,  
‘Love ever! none are gone!

‘None go! none ever!

‘Know! when two hearts are set to one true time,  
‘For aye they make one music, chime one chime,  
‘Look up! and doubt it never!’

— *Dreamland.*

BORN. { MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, Painter, etc., etc., 1474. }  
{ AUSTEN H. LAYARD, Antiquarian, 1817. }



MARCH 5th.

MARCH 6th.

MARCH 7th.

The foolish oftentimes teach the wise.

— *The Light of Asia.*

“Under the angry sun the slain earth—look!—  
Dries up to dust; dies every growing thing;  
Then blow we breaths of southern wind which bring  
Rain-dropping clouds, and see! the dead earth lives,  
And stirs, and swells; and every herb revives.”

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 8th.

Ah! delicate phantoms that cheated  
With eyes that looked lasting and true,  
I awake,—I have seen her,—my angel—  
Farewell to the wood and to you!  
Oh, whisper of wonderful pity!  
Oh, fair face that shone!  
Though thou be a vision, Divinest!  
This vision is done.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 7th.

MARCH 8th.

MARCH 9th.

Not by one portal, or one path alone,  
God's holy messages to men are known;  
Waiting the glances of his awful eyes,  
Silver-winged Seraphs do his embassies;  
And stars interpreting his high behest  
Guide the lone feet and glad the failing breast.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

MARCH 10th.

To lay up lasting treasure  
Of perfect service rendered, duties done  
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:  
These riches shall not fade away in life,  
Nor any death dispraise.

— *The Light of Asia.*

—there haps to man  
Nothing unless by destiny.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

{ HONORE G. R. MIRABEAU, Writer, 1749. }

{ WILLIAM ETTY, Painter, 1789. }

BORN.

MARCH 9th.

MARCH 10th.

MARCH 11th.

Patience makes mirth as buds make bloom,  
Past loss is present treasure,  
To-day's remembered grief and gloom  
Will be to-morrow's pleasure.

— *Wait yet.*

Vows of men  
Fail ofttimes, being blind, but this of thine was noble.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MARCH 12th.

Ask who his friends are, ere you scorn your foe.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

—and there

Behind its portal awful Azrael writes;  
The shadow of his brows compassionate  
Made night across all worlds; . . . . .

For always on a scroll he sets the names  
Of new-born beings, and from off the scroll  
He blotteth who must die.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

{ TORQUATO TASSO, Poet, 1544. }

{ JOHN THOMAS DESAGULIERS, Philosophical Writer, 1683. }

MARCH 11th.

MARCH 12th.

MARCH 13th.

Then the World-honoured spake "Scatter not rice  
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.  
To parents as the East where rises light;  
To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come;  
To wife and children as the West where gleam  
Colors of love and calm, and all days end;  
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;  
To humblest living things beneath; to Saints  
And Angels and the blessed Dead above:  
So shall all evil be shut off, and so  
The six main quarters will be safely kept."

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 14th.

Life without golden love—what bliss is this?  
Oh, let me die when love is dead with me!  
The stolen words, the honeyed gifts, the kiss,  
These are the blossoms of youth's glorious tree.

— *From Mimnermus.*

"O Rose!" the Dewdrop said, "whence didst thou  
spring,  
That art so sweet and proud and fair a thing?"

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

{ DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLY, Philosophical Writer, }  
1733.  
{  
{ SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Statesman and Scholar, 1552. }  
BORN. }



MARCH 13th.

MARCH 14th.

{ GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, 1767. }

MARCH 15th.

“Comfort thee, dear!” he said, “if comfort lives  
In changeless love.”

— *The Light of Asia.*

“In mine own land, if any stranger sit  
A wedding-guest, the bride, out of her grace,  
In token that she knows her guest’s good-will,  
In token she repays it, brims a cup,  
Wherefrom he drinking, she in turn doth drink:  
So is our use.”

— *King Saladin.*

{ MADAME CAMPAN, Historical Writer, 1752. }

MARCH 16th.

O Dancer! strip thy peacock-crown away,  
Rise! thou whose forehead is the star of day,  
With beauty for its silver halo set;  
Come! thou whose greatness gleams beneath its shroud  
Like Indra’s rainbow shining through the cloud—  
Come, for I love thee, my Beloved! yet.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 15th.

MARCH 16th.

BORN. { MARIAN JEANNE, MADAME ROLAND, GIRONDIST, 1754. }

MARCH 17th.

He who shares his comrade's portion, be he beggar  
be he lord,

Comes as truly, comes as duly, to the battle as the  
board —

Stands before the king to succour, follows to the pile  
to sigh

He is friend, and he is kinsman—less would make  
the name a lie.

—*The Book of Good Counsels.*

—strong for shocks

As is a tent with tent-pegs driven deep?

—*The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 18th.

—Little praise had now

That beauty which in old days shone so bright  
Marred with much grief it was, like sunlight dimmed  
By fold on fold of wreathed and creeping mist.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

—like a love-verse printed

On the smooth polish of an emerald.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 17th.

MARCH 18th.

MARCH 19th.

Mother! mild mother! after many years —  
So many that the head I bow turns gray —  
Come I once more to thee, thinking to say  
In what far lands, through what hard hopes and  
fears,  
'Mid how much toil and triumph, joys and tears  
I taught thy teaching; and, withall, to lay  
At thy kind feet such of my wreaths as may  
Seem the least withered.

—*Oxford Revisited.*

MARCH 20th.

Thou gavest her those black brows for a bow  
Arched like thine own, whose pointed arrows seem  
Her glances, and the underlids that go —  
So firm and fine — its string? Ah, fleeting gleam!  
Beautiful dream!

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Friend, art thou faithful? Guard mine honor so!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MARCH 19th.

MARCH 20th.

MARCH 21st.

Have ye bethought why seed should shoot, not sand,  
 Granite or gravel? Why the gentle rain  
 Falleth so clean and sweet from out Our sky,  
 Which might be salt and black and bitter? Why  
 The soft clouds gather it from off the seas  
 To spread it o'er the pastures by and by?

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 22d.

Even when their loss is largest, noble ladies  
 Keep the true treasure of their hearts unspent  
 Attaining heaven through faith, which undismayed is  
 By wrong.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;  
 A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make  
 A world around.

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, Mus. Composer, 1685; }  
 { HENRY KIRKE WHITE, Poet, 1785. }

{ SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK, Painter, 1599; }  
 { EDWARD MOORE, Dramatic Writer, 1712. }  
 BORN.



MARCH 21st.

MARCH 22d.

MARCH 23d.

And her subtle mouth that murmurs,  
And her silken cheek,  
And her eyes, say she dissembles  
Plain as speech could speak.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

All evil hearts  
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm  
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 24th.

“Who taught thee such deep eloquence? Ah, me!  
“Who brought thee hither, and procured us pain?  
“For all these sweet things said are said in vain.”

— *Hero and Leander.*

—like the noise on the brink  
Of the sea, when its stones  
Are dragged with a clatter and hiss  
Down the shore, in the wild breakers' roar.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 23d.

MARCH 24th.

MARCH 25th.

My cheeks were white no more, nor my heart sad,  
Nor any trouble left; but we sat close,  
And the soft talk bubbled from lip to lip  
Like fountains in the roses.

— *From Theocritus.*

One foot goes, and one foot stands  
When the wise man leaves his lands.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MARCH 26th.

No low born form is thine, albeit thou com'st  
Wearing no ornaments.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned  
with forest-flowers;  
And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of  
price —  
Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like  
his eyes.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 25th.

MARCH 26th.

MARCH 27th.

Love comes if the rose-crown rings thee,—  
Love endless and ever the same;  
And the bright leaf of laurel brings thee  
The minstrel's favor and fame.

But the rose hath an angry briar,  
That woundeth wherever 'tis worn,  
And, with laurel to lift thee higher,  
There are poisonous berries of scorn.

— *The Two Wreaths.*

MARCH 28th.

Ah! Hero, wherefore call o'er such a sea?  
Too fond thou wert; too bold and faithful he!  
Thou should'st have left unlit thy lamp of love,  
And waited till kind spring made green the grove;  
But love and fate compelled her! so, o'ercome,  
She set her light, and lured him to his doom.

— *Hero and Leander.*

For all the poor are piteous to the poor

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 27th.

MARCH 28th.

MARCH 29th.

Were it one wasted seed of water-grass,  
Blown by the wind, or buried in the sand,  
He seeth and ordaineth if it live;  
Were it a wild bee questing honey-buds,  
He seeth if she find, and how she comes  
On busy winglets to her hollow tree.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

The utmost love is conquering sense.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MARCH 30th.

— honored and strong  
Truth speaking, skilled in arms, sagacious, just;  
Terrible to his foes.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

There is naught better than to be  
With noble souls in company.  
There is naught dearer than to wend  
With good friends faithful to the end.

— *Love and Death.*

{ MARSHAL JEAN DE DIEU SOULT, 1769. }

{ BORN. SIR HENRY WOLTON, Author, 1568. }



MARCH 29th.

MARCH 30th.

MARCH 31st.

{ RENE DESCARTES, Philosopher, 1596 ;  
BORN. { FRANCIS JOHN HAYDN, Mus. Composer, 1732. }

Come —

Sweet son! and see the pleasaunce of the spring,  
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield  
Its riches to the reaper; how my realm —  
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me —  
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.  
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,  
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode

. . . . .

And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,  
And all the thickets rustled with small life  
Of lizard, bee, beetle and creeping thing —  
Pleased at the springtime.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 31st.







## APRIL.

Fair Grecian legend! that in spring,  
Seeking soft tale for sunnier hours,  
Fabled how Enna's queen did bring  
Back from the Underworld her flowers.

Whence come ye else, cups of glad gold,  
Which men the yellow crocus call?  
Ye snow-drops! maiden meek and cold,  
What other fingers let you fall?

What hand but hers? who, wont to rove  
The asphodel in Himera,  
Torn thence by an ungentle love,  
Flung not her favorites away?

Vainly dark king! on thoughts that roam,  
Thy passion and thy power were spent,  
While one fair flower breathes airs of home,  
Homewards her heart and soul are bent.

BORN. { HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, Writer of }  
 Fiction, 1805. }  
 { CHARLES DE ST. EVERMOND, Soldier and Author, 1613; }  
 { SIR JOHN SUCKLING, Poet, 1613. }

APRIL 1st.

Blossom of the almond-trees  
 April's gift to April's bees  
 Birthday ornament of spring,  
 Flora's fairest daughterling.

. . . . .  
 Ah! when winter winds are swinging  
 All thy red bells into ringing,  
 With a bee in every bell,  
 Almond-bloom, we greet thee well.

— *April Blossoms.*

APRIL 2d.

Let be,—let be!  
 These idle follies are not for the wise,  
 A scholar's loves are fair philosophies;  
 I prithee leave me free!

— *Aristippus.*

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;  
 Truth is the speech of inward purity.

— *The Light of Asia.*



APRIL 1st.

APRIL 2d.

APRIL 3d.

The swallow is come from his Syrian home  
To build on the English eaves,  
The sycamore wears his glistening spears,  
And the almond rains roseate leaves,  
And — dear Love! — with thee as with bird and with  
tree  
'Tis the time of blossom and nest,  
Then what fair thing of the beautiful spring  
Shall I liken to thee — the best.

— *Song.*

APRIL 4th.

Ah! beauty, rich and rare,  
If thou be casket to a mind like thee  
There were a piece of quaint and perfect work  
Worthy a monarch's winning.

— *Griselda.*

Do thou a blessing bring —  
Whose neck is gilt with yellow dust  
From lilies.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

APRIL 3d.

APRIL 4th.

APRIL 5th.

Consider them that serve

The false gods, how they lay in golden dishes

Honey and fruits and fishes

Before their idols; and the green fly comes,

Shoots through the guarded gates, and hums

Scorn of their offering, stealing what she will;

And none of these great gods the thief can kill.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 6th.

Light as the wings of Eros, and fleeting as Queen  
Aphrodite!

— *From Theocritus.*

When 'tis willed we die

Shall there not be as good a "Then" as "Now?"

Haply much better! since one grain of rice

Shoots a green feather gem'd with fifty pearls,

And all the starry champak's white and gold

Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring buds.

— *The Light of Asia.*

• APRIL 5th.

APRIL 6th.

APRIL 7th. •

A noble name,  
Not the less sheweth beautiful and bright,  
Though pale the stars that gives its letters light.

— *A Dedication.*

Hence comes she with her pleasant wont  
When April chases Winter old,  
Couching against his frozen front  
Her tiny spears of green and gold.

— *Song.*

APRIL 8th.

Saw you ever truer wife?

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

“Think most of Eros, foolish heart of mine!  
“Care not for tumbling billows; let us go  
“Straight over them to Hero; why shrink so?  
“Hast thou forgotten that Queen Venus came  
“Forth from the floods, and ever rules the same?”

— *Hero and Leander.*

APRIL 7th.

APRIL 8th.

APRIL 9th.

A modest manner fits a maid,  
And patience is a man's adorning,  
But brides may kiss nor do amiss,  
And men may draw at scathe and scorning.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

— a large

Beauteous white cock crowed matins, at the sound  
Cocks in a thousand planets hailed the morn.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 10th.

— Good fellowship I'll show  
If thou wilt succor me. I'll be to thee  
A faithful friend.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

And man who lives to die, dies to live well  
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness  
And earnest will to hinder not but help  
All things both great and small which suffer life.

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ GEORGE PEACOCK, Mathematician, 1791. }

{ WILLIAM HAZLITT, Miscel. Writer, 1778. }  
BORN.



APRIL 9th.

APRIL 10th.

APRIL 11th.

Are not rarest melodies  
    Played on silver strings?  
Look we not to gentle lips  
    For gentle-spoken things?  
Sounds not joy the dearer  
    From a joyous tongue?  
Seems not sorrow nearer  
    Sorrowfully sung?

— *To a Lady.*

APRIL 12th.

— hast thou strained thy thought  
Searching that depth, which numbs the seeking mind  
As too much light the eager gaze doth blind?

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Silly glass, in splendid settings,  
    Something of the gold may gain;  
And in company of wise ones,  
    Fools to wisdom may attain.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

APRIL 11th.

APRIL 12th.

APRIL 13th.

Next a fisherman comes, cut out on a rock, and its  
ledges

Put up rough and stark;—the old boy, done to a  
marvel,

Staggers and sweats at his work—just like a fisher-  
man hauling;

Looking upon it you'd swear the work was alive,  
and no picture,

So do the veins knot up and swell in his neck and  
his shoulders,

For, though he's wrinkled and gray, there's stuff left  
yet in the ancient. — *From Theocritus.*

APRIL 14th.

And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a  
fragrance rare,

That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty  
air. — *The Indian Song of Songs.*

'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one

Out of which the pearl is gone;

The shell is broken, it lies there;

The pearl, the all, the soul is here.

— *After death in Arabia.*

APRIL 13th.

APRIL 14th.

APRIL 15th.

Sex, that tires of being true,  
Base and new is brave to you!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

With wisdom's scroll to study, and the ways  
Of wondrous living things;  
And lovely pleasure of all ornaments  
That Nature's treasure brings.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 16th.

A smile like water rippled by a tender summer air.

— *The Egyptian Princess.*

— the man

Who never erred from virtue, never broke  
Our fellowship, and never in the world  
Was matched for goodly perfectures of form  
Or gracious feature.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

APRIL 15th.

APRIL 16th.

APRIL 17th.

Only be ye gentle hearted ;  
Beauty rich and wisdom rare  
From a gentle spirit parted  
Earneth hate and causeth care.

— *The Falcon Feast.*

Gentle, generous and discerning.

Such a prince the gods do give!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

APRIL 18th.

Lo, the night, thy bridesmaid,  
Comes!—her eyes thick-painted  
With soorma of the gloom—  
The night that binds the planet-worlds  
For jewels on her forehead,  
And for emblem and for garland  
Loves the blue-black lotus-bloom.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*



APRIL 17th.

APRIL 18th.

APRIL 19th.

Whoso hath the gift of giving wisely, equitably, well;  
Whoso, learning all men's secrets, unto none his own  
will tell;

Whoso, ever cold and courtly, utters nothing that  
offends,

Such an one may rule his fellows unto earth's ex-  
tremest ends.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

APRIL 20th.

And seeming to see naught, she saw, and bent  
Her sweet head from him—not in discontent;  
And seeming not to hear, she heard, and sighed  
A little silver sigh of pleased pride;  
By signs unwitting giving him to know  
It was not anger set her cheeks a-glow.

— *Hero and Leander.*

— brooding o'er the empty eggs of thought.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 19th.

APRIL 20th.

{ CHARLOTTE BRONTË, Novelist, 1816. }

APRIL 21st.

Lady! thou art a lovely witch;  
Thou art read in the witch-song well,  
And the spell of thy power binds—ay, at this hour,  
Lady! I dare not tell.

— *The Shrift.*

April hath borrowed from her sister May  
The brightest dawn she brags of.

— *Griselda.*

BORN. { HENRY FIELDING, Dramatist and Novelist, 1707; }  
{ MADAME DE STAËL, Author, 1766. }

APRIL 22d.

Of bad men, cruel men are worst.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

A garden on a hill  
Is as a likeness of that fair compassion  
Shown for the sake of God: the heavy rain  
Descendeth, and the dew; and every fashion  
Of good seed springs tenfold in fruit and grain.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 21st.

APRIL 22d.

APRIL 23d.

Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours  
For one lone soul another lonely soul,  
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,  
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,  
Then blend they, like green leaves and golden flowers  
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;  
And life's long night is ended, and the way  
Lies open onward to eternal day.

— *Destiny.*

APRIL 24th.

— when shall I hear that voice, as low,  
As tender as the murmur of the rain  
When great clouds gather?

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Siddârtha prays forget him till he come  
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won  
From lonely searchings and the strife for light.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 23d.

APRIL 24th.

APRIL 25th.

How new life reaps what the old life did sow:  
How where its march breaks off its march begins;  
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;  
And how in each life good begets more good,  
Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up  
Debt or credit, whereupon th' account  
In merits or demerits stamps itself  
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—  
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;  
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and  
deeds,  
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks  
Of lives forgone.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 26th.

The moonbeam darting through their leafy screen  
Lost half its silver in the softened green,  
And fell with lessened lustre, broken light,  
Tracing quaint arabesque of dark and white;  
Or dimly tinting on the graven stones  
The pictured annals of Chaldaean thrones.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

{ REV. JOHN KEBBLE, Poet, 1792. }

{ DAVID HUME, Historian, 1711. }



APRIL 25th.

APRIL 26th.

APRIL 27th.

—the large deep lotus-eyes  
That like to Rati's own, the Queen of Love  
Beam, each a lovelit star, filling the worlds  
With longing.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

Here is no place for vows broken in making.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

APRIL 28th.

Our name should be a name for hope to utter,  
A watchword for the chosen of the land.

—*An Apology.*

Therefore my life is glad,  
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives  
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,  
Whereon the gods grant pity!

—*The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 27th.

APRIL 28th.

APRIL 29th.

For him the glorious music rolled  
Of singers silent long;  
The Roman and the Grecian told  
Their wars of right and wrong;  
For him Philosophy unveiled  
Athenian Plato's lore;  
Might these not serve to stead a life?  
Not these!—he sighed for more.

— *Rest.*

APRIL 30th.

— When will she overpass  
The river of this sorrow and come safe  
Unto its further shore—  
For as I think in winning her  
Nala would win his happy days again.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,  
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 29th.

APRIL 30th.









## MAY.

Who cares on the land to stay,  
Wooing the wilful May ;  
    Leave the coquette  
    To smile or fret  
And away to the sea, away!

My beauty, my bark at sea  
With the winds and the wild clouds and me ;  
    The low shore soon  
    Will be down with the moon,  
And none on the waves but we.

On, on! with a swoop and a swirl,  
High over the clear waves curl ;  
    Tender they prow  
    Like a fairy now,  
Make the blue water bubble with pearl.

Lo! yonder, my lady, the light!  
'Tis the last of the land in sight!  
    Look once — and away!  
    Bows down in the spray ;  
Lighted on by the lamps of the night!

MAY 1st.

Among the flowers stood at spring,  
A lowly plant and bare;  
But the golden days adorned it  
With blossoms of the best;  
And though fickle April scorned it,  
May bore it in her breast.

— *Wait Yet.*

Knowledge grows, and life is one,  
And mercy cometh to the merciful.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 2d.

Wise, modest, constant, ever close at hand.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Then himself  
Playing the chamberlain, with torches borne,  
Led them to restful beds, commending them  
To sleep and God, who hears — Allah or God —  
When good men do his creatures charities.

— *King Saladin.*

MAY 1st.

MAY 2d.

MAY 3d.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and  
gold,  
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely  
hold  
Hand fast in hand; and every branch upon the Vakul  
tree  
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every  
bloom a bee;  
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving  
tone,  
In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to  
live alone.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MAY 4th.

A splendid Presence, with large eyes divine  
Beaming, and golden pinions folded down,  
Their speed still tokened by the fluttered gown.  
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince  
For gentle worthiness and merit won;  
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags  
For things done and undone.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 3d.

MAY 4th.

MAY 5th.

Roam where you will, by vale and hill,  
From Vistula to Rhone ;  
No land is like the English land,  
No maidens like our own.

— *The Fairest of the Fair.*

If there be two ways to a wise man's wish  
But only one way sure, he taketh that.

— *The Night of Slaughter.*

MAY 6th.

A low and gentle voice — dear woman's chiefest charm.  
An excellent thing it is! and ever lent

To truth and love, and meekness; they who own  
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,

Ever by quiet step and smile are known;

By kind eyes that have wept — hearts that have sor-  
rowed,

By Patience never-tired, from their own trials bor-  
rowed.

— *Woman's Voice.*

{ EMPEROR JUSTINIAN, 482. }  
{ JOHN HAMPDEN, Statesman of the Commonwealth, 1594. }  
BORN.

MAY 5th.

MAY 6th.

{ ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO, Painter, 1494. }

MAY 7th.

Like a plank of drift-wood  
Tossed on the watery main,  
Another plank encountered,  
Meets, — touches, — parts again;  
So tossed, and drifting ever,  
On life's unresting sea,  
Men meet, and greet, and sever,  
Parting eternally.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

{ ALAIN RENE LE SAGE, Novelist, 1668. }

MAY 8th.

My fear is lost in love, my love in fear;  
This bids me trust my burning wish, and come,  
That checks me with its memories, drawing near.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Day — nigh to setting — drew her splendours in;  
And shadow-loving Hesperus shone high,  
Faint-seen upon the violet eastern sky.

— *Hero and Leander.*



MAY 7th.

MAY 8th.

MAY 9th.

When most my spirit wanders, ranging round  
The lands and seas — as full of ruth for men  
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth  
For her twin nestlings — ever it has come  
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee  
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,  
The utmost of their good, the tenderest  
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 10th.

That gem of women, with soft face  
Beautiful, wonderful!

— *The Great Journey.*

And fountain-waters on the palace floor  
Made even answer to the river's roar,  
Rising in silver from the crystal well  
And breaking into spangles as they fell.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

{ JEAN DE SISMONDI, Historian, 1773. }

{ SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, Philanthropist, 1754. }

MAY 9th.

MAY 10th.

MAY 11th.

Ah! even now

Remembering that one look beside the river,  
Softer the vexed eyes seem, and the proud brow  
Than lotus-leaves when the bees make them quiver.

My love for ever!

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Here is the chief shall bring  
The glory back to us, having such strength.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MAY 12th.

If he hung high a glorious golden lamp  
To shine where thy feet tread;  
And stretched black 'broidered hangings, sown with  
gems

For curtains to thy bed;

Lo! but He doeth this — Allah our King,  
His sun by day, His silver stars by night,  
Shine for our sakes.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MAY 11th.

MAY 12th.

MAY 13th.

This shall thy virtue be:  
And thou shalt purify thee by thyself,  
Making the good wax, and the evil wane  
By nature of the evil's self.

— *The Birth of Death.*

All things are shows,  
And vain the knowledge of their vanity.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 14th.

But there hath come a first-born in my tent;  
Fain would I see my son's face for a day,  
Before mine eyes are sealed. Lend me my life,  
To hold as something borrowed from thy hand,  
Which I will bring again.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

His interest is ours.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 13th.

MAY 14th.

MAY 15th.

Upon his forehead high  
Twenty quick summers had not left a trace,  
Or dimmed a sparkle in the earnest eye  
Whence, like a prisoned bird from durance-place,  
His soul looked upward to its native sky  
His lip was fitter for a lover's song,  
What could it tell of sorrow or of wrong?

— *The Island of Trees.*

MAY 16th.

Eloquent eyes, soft hands, and beaming brow.

— *Flowers.*

The fixed arithmic of the universe,  
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,  
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;  
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;  
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.

— *The Light of Asia.*



MAY 15th.

MAY 16th.

MAY 17th.

Listens low, and on his reed there  
Softly sounds thy name,  
Making even mute things plead there  
For his hope: 'tis shame  
That, while winds are welcome to him,  
If from thee they blow,  
Mournful ever by the river  
Krishna waits thee so!

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MAY 18th.

Truly a woman's ornament is this  
The husband is her jewel.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Richest, greatest, that one is  
Whose soul  
Sees with calm eyes all fates befall,  
And, needing nought, possesseth all.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MAY 17th.

MAY 18th.

{ JOHN THEOPHILUS FICHTE, Philosophical Writer, 1762. }  
{ PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON, Poet, etc., 1785. }

MAY 19th.

There be redder lips and brighter eyes than she  
hath, but no such lip and eye.

— *Griselda.*

A rock-rift pierced by stroke of lightning gave  
Such misty glimmer as a den need have:  
What eagles might think dawn and owls the dusk  
Makes day enough for kings of claw and tusk.  
—“*The Epic of the Lion.*” *From the French of Victor Hugo.*

{ ELIJAH FENTON, Poet, 1683. }  
{ BORN. }

MAY 20th.

A king  
Is likest Allah, not in triumphing  
'Mid enemies o'erthrown, nor seated high  
On stately gold, nor if the echoing sky  
Rings with his name, but when sweet mercy sways  
His words and deeds.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Such a friend!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 19th.

MAY 20th.

MAY 21st.

If a maiden  
 Owned such a silver-lettered name as this,  
 She should be lovely as a summer's eve  
 All sun and softness; if she spake, her words  
 Should fall like lute-tones on the eager ear,  
 Till silence should be sorrow, and her voice  
 The spell to make it joy.

—*Juliet.*

MAY 22d.

And in his heart there lives no wish nor hope  
 Save only this, to . . . find . . .  
 Peace on the immortal beauty of thy brow.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

—All arts no man knows.

Each hath his wisdom, but in one man's wit  
 Is perfect gift of one thing, and not more.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

MAY 21st.

MAY 22d.

MAY 23d.

Sestos and white Abydos — cities twain  
And there god Eros, setting notch to string,  
Wounded two bosoms with one shaft-shooting,  
A maiden's and a youth's.

— *Hero and Leander.*

Not if thy work be worth a date-stone's skin  
Shall it be overpast.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MAY 24th.

Woman's love rewards the worthless — kings of knaves  
exalters be ;  
Wealth attends the selfish niggard, and the cloud rains  
on the sea.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

This was a Prince unparalleled, thy lord ;  
Virtuous as fair, a sea of goodly gifts  
Not to be summoned by a meaner voice.

— *Love and Death.*



MAY 23d.

MAY 24th.

MAY 25th.

The thought of parting shall not lie  
Cold on their throbbing lives,  
The dread of ending shall not chill  
The glow beginning gives;  
She in her beauty dark shall look —  
As long as clouds can be —  
As gracious as the rain-time cloud  
Kissing the shining sea.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MAY 26th.

So once again come, mistress; and, releasing  
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,  
Grant me my prayer, and be as heretofore now  
Friend and protectress!

— *From Sappho.*

When was fond Love so pitiless to love  
Save that this scorned to limit love by life.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 25th

MAY 26th.

MAY 27th.

A prince,  
Youthful and fair,  
Skilful in arms, wise, pleasant; in the war  
Fearless.

—*The Birth of Death.*

He is brave whose tongue is silent of the trophies  
of his word;  
He is great whose quiet bearing marks his greatness  
well assured.

—*The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 28th.

Mine is she! Mine is she!

—*The Book of Counsels.*

There lacked not to his wishes wild  
What the broad earth could bring:  
Strong knees were supple at his word,  
Swords glimmered at his will.  
Brave fortune! but it wearied him,—  
His spirit thirsted still.

—*Rest.*

{ ALIGHIERI DANTE, Poet, 1265. }

{ THOMAS MOORE, Poet, 1780. }

MAY 27th.

MAY 28th.

MAY 29th.

Dearest glory that stills my voice,  
Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought!  
Splendour of love, in whose sweet light  
Darkness is past and nought.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Nor any ocean rolls so vast that He  
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MAY 30th.

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer!  
A mouth all rosebud, blossoming in laughter!  
A baby-angel hard at play! a dream  
Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem  
If girls were hatched!— all these! eyes too, so blue  
That sea and sky might own their sapphire new!  
—“*The Epic of the Lion.*” *From the French of Victor Hugo.*

Choose by justice, putting self aside.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MAY 29th.

MAY 30th.

MAY 31st.

— But as the waxing moon  
Goes thin and darkling for a while, then rounds  
The crescent's rims with splendors, so this queen  
Hath lost not queenliness. Being now obscured  
She shows true gold.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Power is of constant effort.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

{ DOCTOR JAMES CURRIE, Miscellaneous Writer, 1756. }  
{ LUDWIG TIECK, Poet, Novelist, etc., 1773. }



MAY 31st.







## JUNE.

Lily! uplifting pearly-petalled cups  
A sceptre thou—a silver-headed wand  
By lusty June—the Lord of Summer, waved  
To give to blade and bud his high command.

Ah! Vestal-bosomed—thou that all the May  
From maidenly reserve wouldst not depart,  
Till June's warm wooing won thee to display  
The golden secret hidden in thy heart.

Without, look June: thy pearly love is smutched,  
That which doth wake her gentle beauty slays.  
Alas that nothing lovely lasts, if touched  
By aught more real than a longing gaze.

JUNE 1st.

A form of heavenly mould  
Eyes like a hind's in love time, face so fair  
Words cannot paint its spell.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Never was here dull Pain or carping Sorrow,  
But ever bright to-day promises brighter morrow.

— *The Sirens.*

JUNE 2d.

Her eyes, those lamps of love.

— *The Light of Asia.*

To be no more felt,  
To fade, to melt  
In the strong certainty of joys immortal;  
In the glad meeting,  
And quick sweet greeting  
Of lips that close beyond Time's shadowy portal.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

{ NICOLAS POUSSIN, Painter, 1594. }

{ BORN. NICOLAS LE FEVRE, 1544. }

JUNE 1st.

JUNE 2d.

JUNE 3d.

Eyes that are full of a heavenly light  
Like sister stars in the front of night;  
Lips curving red like the crimson fold  
Of a half-shut rose in the early cold.

— *The Fairy's Promise.*

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,  
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 4th.

'Tis she! no other woman hath such grace!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Give more than thou takest:

If one shall salute thee,

Saying, "Peace be upon thee,"

The salute which thou makest,

Speak it friendlier still,

As beseemeth goodwill.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*



JUNE 3d.

JUNE 4th.

JUNE 5th.

Have with this embrace what faithful love  
Can think of thanks or frame for bension —  
Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak —  
. . . . . that thou mayest know —  
What others will not — that I loved thee most  
Because I loved so well all living souls.

— *The Light of Asia.*

The good think evil slowly, and they pay  
Well for their faith.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 6th.

Where Kroona-flowers, that open at a lover's lightest  
tread,  
Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white  
blush modest red ;  
And all the spears on all the boughs of all the  
Ketuk-glades  
Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering  
youths and maids.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

{ SOCRATES, Grecian Philosopher, B. C. 468. }

{ DIEGO VELASQUEZ, Painter, 1599;  
PIERRE CORNEILLE, French Dramatist, 1606. }

JUNE 5th.

JUNE 6th.

JUNE 7th.

The glad Princess

Laid sorrows by, and blossomed forth anew,  
As does the laughing earth when the rain falls,  
And brings her unseen, waiting wonders forth.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Give freely and receive, but take from none  
By greed, or force or fraud what is his own.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 8th.

The village-gates are set, and the night is grey as yet,  
God hath given wondrous fancies to thee:—sing!

Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts  
and lingers,

Sets athrill the saddest wire of all the six;

And the girls sit in a tangle, and hush the tinkling  
bangle,

While the boys pile the flame with store of sticks

— *The Rajpoot's Wife.*

{ JOHN RENNIE, 1761.

{ ROBERT SCHUMANN, Mus. Composer, 1810;  
SIR SAMUEL BAKER, Traveller, 1821.  
BORN.

JUNE 7th.

JUNE 8th

JUNE 9th.

Enter me, Dearest

Debtor for love which I shall ne'er discharge

Save like a prodigal, by borrowing newly.

— *Unpublished MS.*

The Sages teach, that to walk seven steps

One with another, maketh good men friends.

— *Love and Death.*

JUNE 10th.

In thee is seen why there is hope for man

And where we hold the wheel of life at will.

Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!

— *The Light of Asia.*

The heavenly Muses Three

A branch of laurel gave, which they had plucked,

To be my sceptre; and they breathed a song

In music on my soul, and bade me set

Things past and things to be to that high strain.

— *From Heriod.*

JUNE 9th.

JUNE 10th.

JUNE 11th.

Ever she waits thee in heavenly bower;  
The lotus seeks not the wandering bee,  
The bee must find the flower.  
All the wood over her deep eyes roam,  
Marvelling sore where tarrys the bee,  
Who leaves such leaves of nectar unsought  
As those that blossom for thee.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JUNE 12th.

The lady who did take  
All eyes and hearts along, where'er her feet  
In moving made a music.

— *The Alchemist.*

'I will seek  
Who cast away my world to save my world.'

— *The Light of Asia.*



JUNE 11th.

JUNE 12th.

JUNE 13th.

If, for society in that fair place,  
He gave glad companies,  
Kinsmen and friends and helpmates, and the bliss  
Of beauty's lips and eyes.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Who always sings to all, "I wait,  
He loveth still who loveth late."

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JUNE 14th.

And vain! yes, vain!  
For me too is it, having so much striven,  
To see this fine snare take thee, and thy soul  
Which should have climbed to mine, and shared my  
heaven,  
Spent on a lower loveliness, whose whole  
Passion of love were but a parody  
Of that kept here for thee.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JUNE 13th.

JUNE 14th.

JUNE 15th.

Behind — before ye, shines Eternity,  
Visible as the vault's fathomless blue,  
Which is so deep the glance goes never through,  
Though nothing stays save depth.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Two-fold is the life we live in—Fate and Will together run:  
Two wheels bear life's chariot onward—will it move on  
only one?

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 16th.

“Over the breaking wave;  
Having no neighbour but the rolling sea!  
No song but his rude music!”

— *Hero and Leander.*

It may be that the savage sea is foaming  
And wild winds roaming where thy ship goes free;  
Yet still as dearly, brother, and sincerely,  
As if more nearly, we will cling to thee.

— *The Emigrant.*

JUNE 15th.

JUNE 16th.

JUNE 17th.

If she be wise and good, patient and true,  
Are not these virtues for a queen to wear,  
And for a king to wed?

— *Griselda.*

The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;  
Cheat such as love themselves.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 18th.

Midnight is not so dark and deep as was his solemn  
gaze,

By love and pity lighted, as the night with silvery  
rays.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Though his sins were twenty thousand, twenty thousand  
times o'er-told

She shall bring his soul to splendour, for her love  
so large and bold.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 17th.

JUNE 18th.

JUNE 19th.

Strike soft strings to this soft measure  
. . . . . since it tells  
Of a love that sweetly dwells  
In a tender distant glory,  
Past all faults of mortal story.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Skilful, honest, and true-hearted.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 20th.

What! the tears glisten?  
Indeed I would not wound thy little heart;  
We'll be good friends, and kiss; but we must part,  
In sooth,— I may not listen.

— *From Aristippus.*

Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough  
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ BLAISE PASCAL, Writer, 1623.  
{ ANNA LETITIA AIKEN (Mrs. Barbauld), Poet, 1743.  
{ LIT. ADAM FERGUSON, Historian, 1723 :  
BORN. }



JUNE 19th.

JUNE 20th.

JUNE 21st.

The dignity  
Of silver hairs is much.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

And I do think  
That out of this fair house, the inner soul,  
Shining, doth make it bright.

— *Griselda.*

JUNE 22d.

What is the bliss that is best on earth  
Lovers' light whispers and tender mirth;  
Bright gleams the sun on the green sea's isle,  
But a brighter light has a woman's smile:  
Ever, like sunrise, fresh of hue,  
Taza ba taza, now ba now.

— *Taza ba Taza.*

JUNE 21st.

JUNE 22d.

JUNE 23d.

Will not sorrow clear me?

Shine once! speak one word pitiful and dear!

Wilt thou not hear?

Cans't thou — because I did forget — forsake me?

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

—sudden bliss, as if love should not fail

Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 24th.

Seven foemen of all foemen, very hard to vanquish  
be :

The Truth-teller, the Just-dweller, and the man from  
passion free,

Subtle, self-sustained, and counting frequent well won  
victories,

And the man of many kinsmen — keep the peace with  
such as these.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 23d.

JUNE 24th.

JUNE 25th.

—after storm and toil

And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,  
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl  
Moonlike and glorious. . . . Then came I glad  
Unto mine hills.

— *The Light of Asia.*

In His sight alway

How sweet are reverence and gentleness  
Done to His creatures.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JUNE 26th.

With thee, with thee, whose love  
Made all our dangers sweet?

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

Messer Torello, at the inner gate,  
Waiting to take them in—a goodly host,  
Stamped current with God's image for a man  
Chief among men, truthful, and just, and free.

— *King Saladin.*

JUNE 25th.

JUNE 26th.

{ PIETRO GHESSI, Caricaturist, 1674. }

JUNE 27th.

with these

The nigher towns and cities swarmed like bees  
To see the show; but most of all the youth:—  
Ever they throng where feasts are!—to tell truth,  
'Tis not, methinks, the shrine which draws them  
so,—

To see the maidens those light pilgrims go!

— *Hero and Leander.*

{ SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS, Painter, 1577;  
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, Mis. Writer, 1712. }

JUNE 28th.

As flame from torch to torch doth strike —  
The light of life shines on, bright, joyous, warm.  
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

The devils in the underworlds wear out  
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.  
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,  
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

— *The Light of Asia.*



JUNE 27th.

JUNE 28th.

JUNE 29th.

Moonlight makes her mournful with radiance silvery;  
Even the southern breeze blown fresh from pearly  
seas,

Seems to her but tainted by a dolorous brine.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Noble hearts are golden vases — close the bond true  
metals make

Easily the smith may weld them, harder far it is to  
break.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 30th.

The sad world blesseth thee.

— *The Light of Asia.*

A pleasant palace under pleasant skies  
With cloistered courts and gilded galleries,

. . . . .

By court and terrace, minaret and dome,  
Euphrates, rushing from his mountain home,  
Rested his rage, and curbed his crested pride  
To belt that palace with his bluest tide.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

{ SIR HENRY VELVERTON, 1566. }

{ E. J. HORACE VERNET, Painter, 1789. }

JUNE 29th.

JUNE 30th.







## JULY.

Proud, on the bosom of the river

White-winged, the vessels come and go,  
Dropping down with ingots to deliver,  
Drifting up lordly, on the flow.

Glassed in the green waters under,

Grand against the crimson of the sky,  
Kings of the sunshine and the thunder,  
Come they and go they in July.

Meek, to the bosom of the river,

White-leaved, the lily comes alone,  
From water-grass and sedges climbing ever

Who knows the lily-bud is blown?  
Who cares to think the wind of summer

Rocking the great ships to sea,  
Kissed as it passed that latest comer,  
Rocked the white lily and the bee?

Rocked the pale lily with its burden,

Only a worker-bee at most,  
Working for nothing, save the guerdon  
To live on her honey in the frost.

But on small things and large the summer shineth

Over ships and over lily globes the sky,  
And the sender of the summer wind divineth,  
What portion each shall have of his July.

{ MADAME DUDEVANT (George Sand),  
Authoress, 1804. }

JULY 1st.

Marching down to Armageddon —  
Brothers stout and strong!  
Let us cheer the way we tread on  
With a soldier's song!  
Faint we by the weary road,  
Or fall we in the rout,  
Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph!  
Let the song ring out!

— *Armageddon.*

{ ARCHBISHOP CRANMER, 1489;  
CHRISTOPHER GLUCK, Mus. Composer, 1714. }

JULY 2d.

If sorrow falls,  
Take comfort still in deeming there may be  
A way to peace on earth by woes of ours.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Oh, He sees  
And measures and bestows; but what is kept,  
Beyond gifts here, for kindly hearts that love,  
God only wotteth, and the Eternal Peace.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*



JULY 1st.

JULY 2d.

JULY 3d.

When the silver stars were throwing  
Soft lines on the silver sea  
Like a shade in the twilight showing  
Came my life unto me.

— *The Two Wreaths.*

More than was well the goodly things of earth  
Pleased thee, my pleasant brother!

— *The Indian Idylls.*

JULY 4th.

My heart stays here! have pity! let me know  
Thou giv'st me back some trifle, if not all  
Of thine. Good-bye! Good-night! *la buona sera!*  
Sleep soft, and think kind things of thy Vallera!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

My heart resolved, my mouth hath spoken it,  
My hand shall execute.

— *Love and Death.*

JULY 3d.

JULY 4th.



JULY 5th.

JULY 6th.

JULY 7th.

Better than themselves the wise  
Trust the righteous. Each relies  
Most upon the good, and makes  
Friendship with them. Friendship takes  
Fear from hearts; yet friends betray  
In good men we may trust alway.

— *Love and Death.*

She was no light-o'-love, to change and change.

— *Vernier.*

JULY 8th.

Make fast around me  
The silk soft manacles of wrists and hands,  
Then kill me! I shall never break those bands.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

This we Muslims grave  
On polished gem and painted architrave;  
But thou, write its great letters on thy heart,  
Lauding the Mighty One, whose work thou art.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JULY 7th.

JULY 8th.

JULY 9th.

Yes, we shall meet!

Therefore I bear

This winter-tide as bravely as I may,

Patiently waiting for the bright spring day

That cometh with thee, dear.

— *A ma Future.*

Truly, richer than all riches, better than the best of  
gain,

Wisdom is, unbought, secure — once won, none loseth  
her again.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 10th.

Hath she a charm

To witch all hearts to her? There's not a tongue  
That hath not learned to laud her.

Aye! and none

That laudeth worthily.

— *Griselda.*

Truth is to heaven the best of ways,

And a kind heart wins happy days.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*



JULY 9th.

JULY 10th.

JULY 11th.

Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care  
For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives.

— *The Light of Asia.*

But Peace hath victories of deed and word,  
Won with a subtler weapon than the sword:  
And civic wreaths a greener gleam display,  
Than the stained garlands of the finished fray.

— *Congratulatory Address.*

JULY 12th.

Her eyes can steal a shepherd's soul away  
Through wall of flesh, whenever she doth look;  
You see her, and you love, the self-same day,  
Albeit the story goes her heart is rock.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Safe within the husk of silence guard the seed of  
counsel so  
That it break not—being broken, then the seedling  
will not grow.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 11th.

JULY 12th.

JULY 13th.

The constant virtues of the good, are tenderness and  
love

To all that lives — in earth, air, sea — great, small —  
below, above;

Compassionate of heart, they keep a gentle thought  
for each,

Kind in their actions, mild in will, and pitiful of  
speech;

Who pitieth not he hath not faith; full many an one  
so lives,

But when an enemy seeks help the good man gladly  
gives.

— *Love and Death.*

JULY 14th.

And so I grasp my purpose, and I swear  
To win the wreath that I am set to wear.

— *Sonnet.*

We draw the breath on trust — all — all, my Lord,  
Living the little minutes at the will

Of one given creditor, whose sudden stroke  
Signs the acquittance with the blood of life.

— *Griselda.*

JULY 13th.

JULY 14th.

JULY 15th.

The lesson that thy faithful love has taught him  
He has heard;

The wind of spring obeying thee hath brought him  
At thy word.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

The aching craze to live ends, and life glides —  
Lifeless — to nameless quiet, nameless joy  
— Sinless, stirless rest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 16th.

Banish care,  
Soothe it with flutings, startle it with drums,  
Trick it with gold and velvets, till it glow  
Into a seeming pleasure.

— *Vernier.*

Greeting fair and room to rest in, fire and water  
from the well —

Simple gifts — are given freely in the house where  
good men dwell.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 15th.

JULY 16th.

JULY 17th.

Tear and smile go wondrous well together.

*Symbolism.*

He is become

All which was shewn, a teacher of the wise,

Who doth deliver men and save all flesh

By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Self-love slays

Our noble brother.

*The Indian Idylls.*

JULY 18th.

We are they whose torn battalions

Trained to bleed not fly!

Make our agonies a triumph—

Conquer while we die!

— *Armageddon.*

Ye take no more the meaning than one takes

Measure of ocean by the cup that slakes

His thirst, from rillet running to the sea.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*



JULY 17th.

JULY 18th.

JULY 19th.

Valiant, wise, and true;  
Victorious over sense, a worshipper;  
Liberal in giving, prudent, dear alike  
To peasant and to townsman: one whose joy  
Lived in the weal of all men.

— *Love and Death.*

Who practises what good he knows  
Himself a Brahmana he shows.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

JULY 20th.

The glossy golden lilies of the land  
Lost lustre in her hair; and that she owned  
The noble Norman eye — the violet eye  
Almost — so far and fine its lashes drooped,  
Wakened to purple.

— *Vernier.*

I know there might be woes to bear  
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 19th.

JULY 20th.

JULY 21ST.

The years of men are measured by the sun,  
And were not, until he his course begun ;  
And will not be, when his gold dial dies.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

He who thinks a minute little, like a fool misuses more ;  
He who counts a cowry nothing, being wealthy will be  
poor.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 22d.

His anger had a savage ground-swell in it:  
He loved to take his naps, too, to the minute.  
— "*The Epic of the Lion.*" *From the French of Victor Hugo.*

We grieve because to-day is not to-morrow,  
Nor now, eternity.  
Change only rules unchanged in this wide world?  
The priestess that one morn decks us with flowers,  
The morrow, slays us for the sacrifice.

— *Griselda.*

JULY 21st.

JULY 22d.

JULY 23d.

The very bravest of the very brave.

— *First Institution of the Victoria Cross.*

Who giveth not his child in marriage  
Is blamable; and blamable that king  
Who weddeth not: and blamable that son  
Who, when his father dieth, guardeth not  
His mother.

— *Love and Death.*

JULY 24th.

If in my grasp that dear hand I could hold  
I'd not unclasp, to have mine filled with gold!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

The Princess of thy House —

— craves to see thy face

As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart  
Pines for the moon.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 23d.

JULY 24th.

JULY 25th.

I follow virtue, and I speak plain truth!

— *Hero and Leander.*

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;

Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,

As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,

Act maketh joy and woe.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Who, ere he makes a gain has spent it,

Will repent it.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 26th.

Sweet one! don't be too proud—for the

spring tide passes like dreaming.

— *From the Greek of Bion.*

Unto him who is thy brother,

Unto kindred, friends also,

Orphans, suppliants, sad ones, show

Gentleness and help; to each

Speak with kind and courteous speech.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*



JULY 25th.

JULY 26th.

JULY 27th.

Sweet one! whether  
Early or late we see thee, 'tis as neat  
And fair and wholesome as new-bolted wheat!  
— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

— The man  
With senses naked to the sensible  
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass  
Across his heart.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 28th.

When a bird's wing stirs the roses,  
When a leaf falls dead,  
Twenty times he recomposes  
The flower-seat he has spread:  
Twenty times, with anxious glances  
Seeking thee in vain,  
Sighing ever by the river,  
Krishna droops again.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JULY 27th.

JULY 28th.

JULY 29th.

She looked as fresh  
As stars at twilight or as April's heaven ;  
A floweret — you had said — divinely given,  
To show on earth how God's own lilies grow.  
— *"The Epic of the Lion."* From the French of Victor  
Hugo.

None strips off  
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks  
Knowledge to know them snares.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 30th.

Look'st thou, my Star, on the stars? Ah! God that I  
were the heavens,  
How with my millions of eyes, I would look down  
upon thee.

— *From Plato.*

If I have kept the fast,  
Made sacrifices, given gifts, and wrought  
Service to holy men, may this black night  
Be bright to those and thee.

— *Love and Death.*

JULY 29th.

JULY 30th. •

BORN. } PRINCESS AUGUSTA OF BRUNSWICK, 1737. }

JULY 31st.

I mind me not  
Of any boon the loving heart hath asked,  
Nor any one untimely word she spake ;  
Let it be as she prayeth.

— *Love and Death.*

Better few and chosen fighters than of shaven crowns  
a host,  
For in headlong flight confounded, with the base the  
brave are lost.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 31st.









## AUGUST.

Once with a landlord wondrous fine  
A weary guest I tarried,  
A golden pippin was his sign  
Upon a green branch carried.

Mine host, he was an apple-tree,  
With whom I took my leisure  
Fine fruit, mellowed juicily,  
He gave me of his treasure.

There came to that same hostel gay  
Fine guests, in bright adorning  
A merry feast they made all day  
And chirped and slept till morning

Then, to rest, my body laid  
On bed of crimson clover  
The landlord with his own broad shade  
Carefully spread me over.

Him, I called to bring the score  
But "no!" he grandly boweth,  
Now, root and fruit, for ever more  
God bless him while he groweth.

AUGUST 1st.

'Tis little she can lose giving one glance,  
But whoso wins it how his heart doth dance.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

They hear the watchman's call  
Mark the slow minutes on the leaguered wall,  
The clash of quivers and the ring of spears  
Make pleasant music in a soldier's ears.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

AUGUST 2d.

May thy bliss  
Last and increase for twice five thousand years.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

There must be refuge! men  
Perished in winter winds till some one smote fire  
From flint stones coldly hiding what they held  
The red sparks treasured from the kindling sun.

— *The Light of Asia.*

AUGUST 1st.

.

AUGUST 2d.

.

AUGUST 3d.

Sweet Singer, it were good to hear  
Many times more the voice so true and clear,  
The voice that fashioned into silver speech  
Found a quick to the heart of each,  
Or flowing river-like in streams of song  
Bore our souls river-like its waves along

. . . . .  
Thanks shall be paid and kind things thought of  
thee

Who taught how sweet a mortal voice might be.

— *Vale.*

AUGUST 4th.

His comely form  
Seemed nor too tall nor short.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

Like beacon-bell on some wild island shore,  
Silvery ringing in the tempests roar,  
Whose sound borne shipward through the midnight  
gloom

Tells of the path, and turns her from her doom.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

{ CHRISTINE NILSSON, Prima Donna, 1843. }

{ PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, Poet, 1792. }  
{ BORN. }

AUGUST 3d.

AUGUST 4th.

{ JOHN LORD WROTTESLY, Astronomer. }

AUGUST 5th.

— unto all that live

He giveth, and He loveth those who give.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

— who is wise feeds his sense

No longer on false shows, fills his firm mind

To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek

All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness

— till all the sum of ended life

Grows pure and sinless.

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, 1809. }  
{ BORN. }

AUGUST 6th.

And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells,  
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts  
and dwells.

And all in dress a Nautch-girl, but all in heart a  
queen,  
She set her foot to stirrup with a sad and settled  
mien.

— *The Rajpoot's Wife.*

Let us do our part to-day.

— *Armageddon.*



AUGUST 5th.

AUGUST 6th.

AUGUST 7th.

When we both are very weary  
Heart of mine,  
And all before is dreary  
Heart of mine  
With never a friend to love us,  
And life's sky black above us,  
Shall we faint because they prove us,  
Heart of mine?

— *Heart of Mine.*

AUGUST 8th.

— that which did impose  
The gentle law, that each should be  
The other's Heav'n and harmony.

— *The Indian Song of Songs*

Nay, but stay! it can't be really  
All a solemn sterling pound,  
I've seen so few — I'll ring it fairly:  
Mammon! there's a sound!

— *The Poor Scholar to his Pound Sterling.*

AUGUST 7th.

AUGUST 8th.

AUGUST 9th.

He loved,—the truest, newest lip  
That ever lover pressed,—  
The queenliest mouth of all the south  
Long love for him confessed.

— *Rest.*

Within ourselves deliverance must be sought  
Each man his prison makes.

— *The Light of Asia.*

AUGUST 10th.

A dimple in her chin my love hath got  
Which makes her bright laugh lovelier to see.  
There is no single charm she boasteth not  
I think dame Nature framed her purposely  
So fair, so fine, so noble, and so tender  
That all the world might worship to her render.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

AUGUST 9th.

AUGUST 10th

AUGUST 11th.

“I pray thee let me see thy hand;  
I have some skill at palmistry.”

“Tis there,

Not fair, but very frank: what canst thou read?”

“A world of meanings in its tender white;  
And goodness, gentleness, and maidenhood,  
In its blue-veined beauty.”

— *Griselda.*

AUGUST 12th.

I burn with love; love makes me bold to sing  
Praise of the damsel who undoes my heart;  
Each time I think a little tender thing  
About her.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

That which will not be, will not be — and what is to  
be will be:

Why not drink this easy physic, antidote of misery?

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

AUGUST 11th.

AUGUST 12th.

AUGUST 13th.

Peace hath her battle-fields, where they who fight  
Win more than honour, vanquish more than might  
And strive a strife against a fiercer foe  
Than one who comes with battle-axe and bow  
And this was thine.

— *Congratulatory Address.*

Yet there must be aid!  
For them and me and all there must be help!  
— *The Light of Asia.*

AUGUST 14th.

“For him who gave  
His life as nothing in the fight,  
Let there be made a cross of bronze  
And grave thereon my queenly crest,  
Write *valour* on its haughty scroll,  
And hang it on his breast.”

— *The Order of Valour.*

Come forth and show thyself.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*



AUGUST 13th.

AUGUST 14th.

AUGUST 15th.

The world her match for beauty cannot bring,  
No other eyes such lovely lightnings dart.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Soft music to sage musing lends relief.

— *From Aristippus.*

All changes; and the gods are mortal too.

— *The Birth of Death.*

AUGUST 16th.

For the worst that comes to-morrow  
Will but mend.

We can bear the deepest sorrow  
It can send :

The sun we thought declining,  
Behind the cloud is shining,  
We can wait without repining  
For the end.

— *Heart of Mine*

AUGUST 15th.

AUGUST 16th.

AUGUST 17th.

A girl more sweet than any eyes have seen ;  
There is not found on earth so fair a maid !

— *Love and Death.*

Pain of pleasures not yet won,  
Pain of journeys not yet done,  
Pain of toiling without gaining,  
Pain, 'mid gladness, of still paining.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

AUGUST 18th.

All the country-folk  
Went lightly to their work at sight of her,  
And all their children learned a grace by heart ;  
And said it with small lips when she went by.  
. . . . . Very dear  
Was all this beauty and this gentleness  
Unto her first love and her playfellow.

— *Venier.*

{ JOHN VARLEY, Painter, 1778. }  
{ FREDERICA BREMER, Novelist, 1801. }  
  
{ JOHN, EARL RUSSELL, Statesman, 1792. }

AUGUST 17th.

AUGUST 18th.

AUGUST 19th.

Of pink sea-coral are her dear lips dight,  
With underneath, two strings of sea-pearl plenty.  
— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

— and with it this poor ring:  
Set it upon thy sword-hand, and in fight  
Be merciful and win, thinking on me.  
— *King Saladin.*

The ache of greed doth never go.  
— *The Enchanted Lake.*

AUGUST 20th.

— While the east, a-glow,  
Blazed with bright spears of gold athwart the blue.  
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

But men do say that he can change and change;  
They say he hath two faces, and two favours —  
One for his fasting-days, and one for feasts,  
Bitter and sweet.

— *Griselda.*

AUGUST 19th.

AUGUST 20th.

AUGUST 21st.

But tell me—and tell true—what town is thine,  
And whence thy birth and name? Thou knowest  
mine.

— *Hero and Leander.*

To foeman who so dreadful, to friend what heart so  
true?

— *The Rajpoot's Wife.*

Ascetics, very holy; seeking still  
The heavenward road.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

AUGUST 22d.

Sweeter than honey, and more dear to see  
Than any loveliness on land or sea  
By bard or lover praised, or famed in story.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly  
Globing together in the common work.

— *The Light of Asia.*



AUGUST 21st.

AUGUST 22d.

AUGUST 23d.

Lady of grace!

Her quiet lips' light touch were like a rose leaf.

— *Griselda.*

Only one Judge is just, for only One  
Knoweth the hearts of men; and hearts alone  
Are guilty, or are guiltless.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

This gave me strange joy!

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

AUGUST 24th.

Oh heart too hard! what maiden would not render  
Love to a lover loving her like me?

Who else would melt not, and wax honey-tender

Seeing me suffer thus: Ah, Nencia! see!

Thou knowest I am so faithful; must it end here

The pain which should be crowned with joy by thee.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

He that hath strength hath strength.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

AUGUST 23d.

AUGUST 24th.



## SEPTEMBER.

The harvest moon stands on the sea,  
Her golden rim's a-drip;  
She lights the sheaves on many a lea,  
The sails on many a ship:  
Glitter, sweet Queen, on silver spray  
And glimmer on the heather;  
Right fair thy ray to shew the way  
When lovers walk together.

The red wheat rustles, and the vines  
Are purple to the root,  
And true-love, waiting patient, wins  
Its blessed time of fruit;  
Lamp of all lovers, Lady-moon,  
Light these ripe lips together  
Which reap alone a harvest sown  
Long ere September weather.

AUGUST 27th.

Roses grow from dew, and smiles from weeping,  
Sweetest smile is made of saddest tear-drop.

— *Symbolism.*

Siddârtha answered, "Friend, that love is false  
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love."

— *The Light of Asia.*

Be of good heart.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

AUGUST 28th.

Never are noble spirits  
Poor while their like survive;  
True love has gems to render,  
And virtue wealth to give.  
Never is lost or wasted  
The goodness of the good;  
Never against a mercy,  
Against a right, it stood;  
And seeing this, that virtue  
Is always friend to all,  
The virtuous and true-hearted,  
Men their "protectors" call.

— *Love and Death.*

{ BARTHOLD NIEBHIER, Historian, 1776. }

{ BORN. } GOETHE, German Poet, 1749. }

AUGUST 27th.

AUGUST 28th.

{ JOHN LOCKE, Philosopher, 1632 ;  
{ JOHN HENRY LAMBERT, Philosopher, 1728. }

AUGUST 29th.

Yet he was fair,  
Oh! very fair,—nay, almost fair enough  
To love, if only it were well to love;  
And if to love were to be loved again,  
And if, and if, and if —

— *Griselda.*

Peace abide with me!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

AUGUST 30th.

There grew,  
A lovely, stately, lustrous maid,  
Whose beauty was so rich to see  
No verse can tell it worthily.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

We are they who will not take  
From palace, priest, or code,  
A meaner Law than "Brotherhood,"—  
A lower Lord than God.

— *Armageddon.*

BORN. { DAVID HARTLEY, Philosopher, 1705. }



AUGUST 29th.

AUGUST 30th.

AUGUST 31st.

Lute! breathe thy lowest in my lady's ear,

Sing while she sleeps, "ah! belle dame, amiez-vous?"

Till dreaming still, she dream that I am here,

And wake to find it, as my love is, true.

— *Serenade.*

Dead though he be, that mortal lives

Whose virtuous memory survives.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

BORN. { JACQUES LOUIS DAVID, Painter, 1748; }  
{ CHARLES JAMES LEVER, Novelist, 1806. }

AUGUST 31st.







## SEPTEMBER.

The harvest moon stands on the sea,  
Her golden rim's a-drip;  
She lights the sheaves on many a lea,  
The sails on many a ship:  
Glitter, sweet Queen, on silver spray  
And glimmer on the heather;  
Right fair thy ray to shew the way  
When lovers walk together.

The red wheat rustles, and the vines  
Are purple to the root,  
And true-love, waiting patient, wins  
Its blessed time of fruit;  
Lamp of all lovers, Lady-moon,  
Light these ripe lips together  
Which reap alone a harvest sown  
Long ere September weather.

SEPTEMBER 1st.

I pray to God  
To send you both of his good grace delights,  
And pleasance, and fair fortunes, and long loves  
Unto your life's end.

— *Griselda.*

— they  
Checking the jangling bits, and chiding down  
The unfinished laugh to listen —

— *King Saladin.*

SEPTEMBER 2d.

Thus, as the manner of all maidens is,  
Her soft lips rated, though her heart was his;  
And he by love's quick instinct knew it so,  
And let her dear delicious accents flow  
In anger musical, for when maids scold,  
With looks that pardon, lovers may be bold.

— *Hero and Leander.*

Mar not your gifts with grudging word or will.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*



SEPTEMBER 1st.

SEPTEMBER 2d.

SEPTEMBER 3d.

Speed this spell! if it brings you,  
Delphis, love shall live anew:  
If in vain I watch and wait,  
Delphis, love will turn to hate!

— *From Theocritus.*

Wise men, holding wisdom highest, scorn delights as  
false as fair.

Daily live they as Death's fingers twined already in  
their hair.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 4th.

For seeking still to know where thou art, Rover,  
We but discover that our love is there;  
Far, far behind thee, we are strong to find thee,  
Oh then remind thee of the love left here.

— *The Emigrant.*

We  
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul  
That fain would rise.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 3d.

SEPTEMBER 4th.

SEPTEMBER 5th.

With Him of all things secret are the keys;  
None other hath them, but He hath; and sees  
Whatever is in land, or air, or water,  
Each bloom that blows, each foam-bell on the seas.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

— The gods reward thy love  
Which hath such honor.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

SEPTEMBER 6th.

In paths of peace and virtue  
Always the good remain;  
And sorrow shall not stay with them  
Nor long access of pain;  
At meeting or at parting  
Joys to their bosom strike;  
For good to good is friendly,  
And virtue loves her like.

— *Love and Death.*

SEPTEMBER 5th.

SEPTEMBER 6th.

SEPTEMBER 7th.

Ah, soul! with hope and watching worn,  
Mourn not thy leafless spring!  
The joyless days of life were born  
The joyful ones to bring.

— *Wait Yet.*

Thy race counteth a hundred thrones  
From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 8th.

And I sink my spear head bright  
As beseemeth younger knight,  
And I kneel, but not to yield  
For I keep the tented field  
And the challenge — none so fine!  
None a hand — like Katherine.

— *Alla Mano della Mia Donna.*

“Sense-life” false in its gladness, false in sadness.

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND, 1533. }

BORN. { LODOVICO ARIOSTO, Italian Poet, 1474; }  
{ JOHN LEYDEN, Poet, 1775. }

SEPTEMBER 7th.

SEPTEMBER 8th.

SEPTEMBER 9th.

Little but welcome, and a right good will  
We have to greet you with; but these are yours,  
As free as words can make 'em.

— *Griselda.*

What good I see humbly I seek to do,  
And live obedient to the law, in trust  
That what will come, and must come, shall come  
well.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 10th.

I think I never spoke a false word once  
In all my life, not even in jest; I pray  
My truth may help to-night them, thee, and me!

— *Love and Death.*

Let each art  
Assail a fault, or help a merit grow.  
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads  
Let love through good deeds show.

— *The Light of Asia.*



SEPTEMBER 9th.

SEPTEMBER 10th.

SEPTEMBER 11th.

Ah! beauty, rich and rare  
If thou be casket to a mind like thee,  
There were a piece of quaint and perfect work  
Worthy a monarch's winning.

— *Griselda.*

When he doth rise they rise again with bud and  
blossom ripe,  
To bask awhile in his warm smile, who is their lord  
and life.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 12th.

And now her singing all the feast enhances!  
And, dancing, now all dancers she out-dances!  
— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay  
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse  
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which  
drives  
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 11th.

SEPTEMBER 12th.

SEPTEMBER 13th.

To the music the banded bees make him  
He closeth his ear ;  
In the blossoms their small horns are blowing  
The honey-song clear.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Thy piety, thy purity, thy fasts,  
The largesse of thy hands, thy heart's wide love,  
Thy strength of faith, have pleased.

— *Love and Death.*

SEPTEMBER 14th.

Lead me with the sound of song,  
Sweep solemn music forth from balanced wings,  
And leave it cloud-like in the fluttered sky,  
That I may feel and follow.

— *The Lost Pleiad.*

Gems will no man's life sustain,  
Best of all gold is golden grain.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 13th.

SEPTEMBER 14th.

SEPTEMBER 15th.

How like a heavenly angel she doth come!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Fancies fair his mind do throug,  
Like pictures palace-walls along.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Paradise is for them that check their wrath,  
And pardon sins; so Allah doth with souls;  
He loveth best him who himself controls.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

SEPTEMBER 16th.

Thereat, with running ditty of mingled pain and pity,  
Jymul Rao makes the six wires sigh;  
And the girls with tearful eyes note the music's fall  
and rise,

And the boys let the fire fade and die.

— *The Rajpoot's Wife.*

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse,  
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 15th.

SEPTEMBER 16th.

SEPTEMBER 17th.

Here the crystal sword  
Of Michael gave the light they journeyed through.  
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Feed him with food of that rich fruit which grows  
On stems of splendid learning; dower him still  
With gifts of eloquence to vanquish those  
Who err;—let soft persuasion change their will.  
— *From Theocritus.*

SEPTEMBER 18th.

Then bade they him  
Gaze in the stream which glided stilly,  
'Mid water-roses and white lily,  
Under those lawns and smiling skies  
That make delight in Paradise.  
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Fast to his word, unenvious, sweet of speech  
Gentle, and valiant, dutiful and pure.  
— *Nala and Damayanti.*



SEPTEMBER 17th.

SEPTEMBER 18th

{ HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, Statesman, 1779. }  
{ ALEXANDER THE GREAT, Conqueror, 356, B. C. }  
{ BORN. }

SEPTEMBER 19th.

Of old, they said, the Graces were but three ;  
Yet each sweet charm of Hero, as it seemed,  
With love-spells of a hundred Graces gleamed.  
Well was she worthy to be Venus' maid !

— *Hero and Leander.*

Is he a liberal giver ?

Loveth he virtue ? Wears he noble airs ?

Goeth he like a prince, with sweet proud looks ?

— *Love and Death.*

SEPTEMBER 20th.

All the while her head

Droops like a snow-drop when the neighbours, mus-  
tered,

Praise her.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Many a house of life

Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought

These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught ;

Sore was my ceaseless strife !

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 19th.

SEPTEMBER 20th.

SEPTEMBER 21st.

Be master of thyself, if thou wilt be  
Servant of Duty.

— *Love and Death.*

After laughter ever follows tears,  
And Pleasure ever brings his Shadow, Pain.

— *November.*

Good things come not out of bad things, wisely leave  
a longed-for ill,  
Nectar being mixed with poison serves no purpose  
but to kill.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 22d.

By every husband nourished and protected  
Should every wife be.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

He, for whose smile the pale-eyed scholar prayed ;  
He, for whose glance the gay mantilla stayed !

— *The Island of Trees.*

Man hath no fate except past deeds,  
No Hell but what he makes.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 21st.

SEPTEMBER 22d.

SEPTEMBER 23d.

Beautiful! Thy words  
Delight me; they are excellent, and teach  
Wisdom unto the wise, singing soft truth.

— *Love and Death.*

— the gates  
Of that bright Paradise which waits  
The wise in love. Ah, human creatures!  
Even your phantasies are teachers.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

SEPTEMBER 24th.

Love is the vow which fills my life,  
And makes my heart elate.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

What magic taught thee more  
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams  
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?

— *The Light of Asia.*

Sunshine still must follow rain!

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

SEPTEMBER 23d.

SEPTEMBER 24th.

SEPTEMBER 25th.

Never tires the fire of burning,  
Never wearies death of slaying,  
Nor the sea of drinking rivers  
Nor the bright-eyed of betraying.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

— her babe knowing, belike, as children know,  
More than we deem and reverencing our Lord.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 26th.

I know nought of thy mind.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

Yudhisthira knew his time was come,  
Knew that life passes and that virtue lasts,  
And put aside their love.

— *The Great Journey.*

— Sin which flows from strife, some sweet,  
Some bitter.

— *The Light of Asia.*



SEPTEMBER 25th.

SEPTEMBER 26th.

{ GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Caricaturist, 1792. }

SEPTEMBER 27th.

Of all which live or shall live  
Upon earth's hills and fields,  
Pure hearts are the "protectors,"  
For virtue saves and shields.

— *Love and Death.*

Foe is friend, and friend is foe,  
As our actions make them so.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

{ JOHN CARTWRIGHT, Political Reformer, 1740. }

SEPTEMBER 28th.

Nay! when one speaks of that, how deft she is!  
There's no such nimble worker in the land.

. . . . .

You never saw such skill.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;  
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;  
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 27th.

SEPTEMBER 28th.

SEPTEMBER 29th.

'Tis very like thou wilt not hold me hence  
In fair remembrance.

— *Griselda.*

“Yon cloud which floats in heaven,” the Prince re-  
plied,

“Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra’s throne,  
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea.

— *The Light of Asia.*

May you be as lucky as you hope.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 30th.

I am moved  
By those soft words; justly their accents fell,  
And sweet and reasonable was their sense.

— *Love and Death.*

— that fair love which doth not feed  
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,  
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead.

— *The Light of Asia.*

ROBERT, LORD CLIVE, General, 1725,  
HORATIO, LORD NELSON, Admiral, 1758.

LORD RAGLAN, Field Marshal, 1788.  
BORN.

SEPTEMBER 29th.

SEPTEMBER 30th.









## OCTOBER.

A bold brunette she is, radiant with mirth,  
Who comes a-tripping over corn-fields cropped;  
Fruit, flowers, and full ears, from her garland dropped,  
Carpet her feet along the gladdened earth;

For round her brow glitters a careless crown  
Of bronzed oak, and apple leaves, and vine;  
And russet nuts and country berries twine  
About her gleaming shoulders and loose gown.

Like grape at vintage, when its ripe blood glows,  
Glow so her sweet cheek, summer-touched but fair,  
And like grape tendrils, all her wealth of hair,  
Gold on a ground of brown, nods as she goes.

. . . . .

Ah! golden autumn hours—fly not so fast!  
Let the glad Lady long with us delay;  
The sunset makes the sun so wished for stay  
Of three fair sisters—loveliest and the last.

{ HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE, Politician and  
Writer, 1678.  
BORN. { JOSEPH RITSON, Antiquary, 1752. }

OCTOBER 1ST.

Well content

Because she saw love lighted in his heart.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

Men

Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,

Lust so to live they dare not love their life.

— *The Light of Asia.*

So be friendship never parted.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 2D.

O rare voice, which is a spell

Unto all on earth who dwell!

O rich voice of rapturous love,

Making melody above!

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Sons are the second souls of man;

And wives the heaven-sent friends.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 1st.

OCTOBER 2d.

{ GIOVANNI BAPTISTA BECCARIA, Philosopher,  
1716.

OCTOBER 3d.

Life's thirst quenches itself  
With draughts which double thirst.

— *The Light of Asia.*

There be four sins, O Sâkra, grievous sins;  
The first is making suppliants despair,  
The second is to slay a nursing wife,  
The third is spoiling Brahman's goods by force,  
The fourth is injuring an ancient friend.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

{ GIAMBATTISTA PIRANESI, Engraver, 1720.  
BORN

OCTOBER 4th.

Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,  
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all  
And gladsome looks — a pearl of womanhood.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Sweeter I call thy strain than the tinkle of water that  
trickles,  
Tinckling, and trickling, and rippling adown the green  
shelves of the mountain.

— *From Theocritus.*

OCTOBER 3d.

OCTOBER 4th.

OCTOBER 5th.

All my heart is fixed to think how Love  
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,  
Who makes men old.

— *The Light of Asia.*

— words are as breath  
And will is all.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Who loveth most of saints is first.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 6th.

Her cheek was touched with tender dye  
Such as new rosebuds have — not white nor red,  
But sunlit-snow: in sooth you would have said  
She was all made of rose leaves, she did show  
So fair and fine under her thin gown's flow,  
Such rose-leaf arms! such roseate shoulders!

— *Hero and Leander.*

OCTOBER 5th.

OCTOBER 6th.

OCTOBER 7th.

Let the wonder  
Of thy dark blessed eyes gleam on me! come!  
Eyes which befit thy beauteous breast and brow  
Being angelic, and an angel thou.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Master of himself, and sternly steadfast to the right-  
ful way:

Very mindful of past service, valiant, faithful, true of  
heart.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 8th.

Her eyes

Speak so that Krishna cannot choose but send her  
message back.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Hast thou never watched, awaiting till the great man's  
door unbarred?

Didst thou never linger parting, saying many a sad  
last word?

Spak'st thou never word of folly, one light thing thou  
would'st recall?

Rare and noble hath thy life been! Fair thy fortune  
did befall!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

{ CHARLES ABBOTT, LORD LEUTERDEN, JURIST, 1762. }

{ DR. JOHN HOADLY, DRAMATIST, 1711. }

BORN.



OCTOBER 7th.

OCTOBER 8th.

OCTOBER 9th.

He took some faded leaves and flowers up  
And idly handled them; but while his hands  
Toyed with them, lo! they blossomed forth again  
With lovelier life than ever.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Halt traveller! Rest i' the shade; then up and  
leave it!

Stay soul! take fill of love, nor losing, grieve it!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 10th.

Lovely and gentle and wise is she,  
I love her most truly and faithfully.

— *The Fairy's Promise.*

The likeness of the evil heart, bestowing  
That men may praise, is as the thin-clad peak,  
Wherefrom the rain washes all soil for growing,  
Leaving the hard rock naked, fruitless, bleak.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

{ GUISeppe VERDI, Mus. Composer, 1814; [Writer, 1553.]  
{ JACOB AUGUSTUS THUANUS (DE THOU), Historical  
BORN. { JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU, Painter, 1684; }  
{ BENJAMIN WEST, Painter, 1738. }

OCTOBER 9th.

OCTOBER 10th.

OCTOBER 11th.

'Tis bitter to know that we are not the best  
In the earnest strife for an honored name;  
That a lower heart and a colder breast  
Hath more of the books than ourselves may claim.  
— *Defeat.*

To the green banks where quick Payoshni runs  
Seaward between her hermitages, rich  
In fruit and roots.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

OCTOBER 12th.

Measure not with words.

Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought  
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,  
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

— *The Light of Asia.*

Which virtue of virtues is first? and which bears  
most fruit?

To bear no malice is the best;  
And reverence is fruitfullest.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 11th.

OCTOBER 12th.

OCTOBER 13th.

For Love hath many wiles to heal the heart  
Of those that bleed with his unshunnéd dart;  
And, of himself, will counsel oft afford  
To those of whom th' Almighty Boy is Lord.

— *Hero and Leander.*

The twitter of the sun-birds starting forth  
To find the honey ere the bees be out.

— *The Light of Asia.*

OCTOBER 14th.

Brunettes, and the Banyan's shadow,  
Well-springs, and a brick-built wall,  
Are all alike cool in the summer,  
And warm in the winter — all.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

What good gift have my brothers, but it came  
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?

— *The Light of Asia.*

OCTOBER 13th.

OCTOBER 14th.

OCTOBER 15th.

Gracious and loving, dutiful and dear.

— *Love and Death.*

Splendor-throned queen! immortal Aphrodite!  
Daughter of Jove—Enchantress! I implore thee  
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;  
Slay me not, Goddess

— *From Sappho.*

Anger is man's unconquered foe.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 16th.

Long—long ago, but soon to grow real,  
To end, and be waking and certain and true;  
Of which dear surety murmur her lips,  
As the lips of sleepers do.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

By worship rightly man doth go.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*



OCTOBER 15th.

OCTOBER 16th.

OCTOBER 17th.

But thou'lt go now,—  
Take hence the tresses of thy hyacinth hair.—  
Nay, nay! unbind them not,—'tis over fair,—  
Keep the band on thy brow.

—*From Aristippus.*

Her stainless cheeks have all the softened light  
Of misted marble, chiselled smooth and dainty;  
Amid the blooms of Beauty she is Rose;  
The wide world no such lovely wonder shews.

—*La Nencia da Barberino.*

OCTOBER 18th.

Oh! leave the withered Past,  
And turn ye to the time that liveth now.  
Will ye be looking in the fallen leaves  
For the green beauty of the parted Spring?  
Or will ye seek in last year's naked nest  
The speckled egg it cradled?

—*Past, Present and Future.*

—gentleness is chief of virtues.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

OCTOBER 17th.

OCTOBER 18th.

OCTOBER 19th.

High on the turret many an autumn eve,  
When the light, merry swallow tried his plumes  
For foreign flight, she gave him messages, —  
Fond messages of love.

— *Vernier.*

Tender and true, whose virtue was thy crown,  
Whose royalty — was royally to live.

— *Ode to the Princess Alice.*

OCTOBER 20th.

So, swimming to his love,  
He steered with face set hard where that ray shone,  
Ship — pilot — rower — merchant, all in one.

— *Hero and Leander.*

He who gave the swan her silver  
And the hawk her plumes of pride,  
And his purples to the peacock,  
— He will verily provide.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 19th.

OCTOBER 20th.

OCTOBER 21st.

Ah! not to love is sad and hard,  
And yet to love is heavy pain;  
But harder, heavier it is,  
Fondly to love, and love in vain.

— *From Anacreon.*

Green glades where pea fowl sported, crystal streams,  
And soaring hills whose green sides burned with blooms.

— *Love and Death.*

OCTOBER 22d.

A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn  
To open and make daylight beautiful.

— *The Light of Asia.*

His nobleness he had of none, War's Master taught  
him war,  
And prouder praise that Master gave than meaner lips  
can mar;  
Gone to his grave, his duty done; if farther any seek,  
He left his life to answer them,—a soldier's,—let it  
speak.

— *In Memoriam.*

OCTOBER 21st.

OCTOBER 22d.

OCTOBER 23d.

Strong affection, stronger ever,  
Honour true and tried,  
Trust and courage failing never,  
Patience and high pride.

— *The Casket.*

Better for the proud of spirit, death, than life with  
losses told;  
Fire consents to be extinguished, but submits not to  
be cold.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 24th.

By art

Men vanquish fortune and the mightiest odds.

— *The Night of Slaughter.*

Sorrow is

Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;  
Not to be laid aside until one lays  
Living aside, with all its changing states,  
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,  
Being and doing.

— *The Light of Asia.*



OCTOBER 23d.

OCTOBER 24th.

OCTOBER 25th.

But never once  
Saw I a girl so dear, discreet and taking  
With cheek, and neck and nape, and dimpled chin  
So smooth and white, or of such perfect making:  
Her eyes! 'tis like torchlight, when feasts begin,  
To feel their lids lift, and their glance awaking joyance.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Queen Venus sure hath made the youngest Grace  
Her minister this morn!

— *Hero and Leander.*

OCTOBER 26th.

Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known  
The homely levels; only strong ones leave  
The nest each makes his own.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Wind of the Indian stream!  
A little—oh! a little—breathe once more  
The fragrance like his mouth's! blow from thy shore  
A last word as he fades into a dream.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

OCTOBER 25th.

OCTOBER 26th.

OCTOBER 27th.

Exceeding marvellous is this thy gift;  
I burn to know such learning, how it comes.  
— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip  
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl?  
— *The Light of Asia.*

All men scorn the soulless coward, who his manhood  
doth forget.  
— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 28th.

So fair and graceful, of all feasts the queen.  
— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Who doth right deeds  
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.  
— *The Light of Asia.*

Not disparagement nor slander kills the spirit of the  
brave;  
Fling a torch down, upward ever burns the brilliant  
flame it gave.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 27th.

OCTOBER 28th.

OCTOBER 29th.

They say there wander mighty powers on earth  
In strange disguises, who, divinely sprung,  
Veil themselves from us under human mould.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Pity and need  
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,  
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,  
Which trickle salt with all.

— *The Light of Asia.*

OCTOBER 30th.

Sigh not “so young!” — “such promise!” — “Ah! a  
flower

That longer life had sunned to fruit of gold.”

Be still and see! God’s year, and day, and hour,

By lapse of mortal minutes is not told.

— *Illicit.*

That miracle, with eyes purple and soft

As lotus petals, that pure perfect maid,

Whose face shed heavenly light where she did go.

— *Love and Death.*

{ JAMES BOSWELL, Biographer, 1740; }  
{ JOHN KEATS, Poet, 1796. }

{ RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Dramatist, 1751; }  
{ LORD MACAULAY, Historian and Poet, 1800. }

OCTOBER 29th.

OCTOBER 30th.

OCTOBER 31st.

(Halloween.)

BORN. { JOHN EVELYN, Author, 1620,  
EMMA TATHAM, Poetess, 1829. }

One morning in Medina walked our Lord  
Among the tombs: glad was the dawn, and broad  
On headstones and on footstones sunshine lay;  
Earth seemed so fair, 'twas hard to be away.  
"O people of the graves!" Muhammad said,  
"Peace be with you! Your caravan of dead  
Hath passed the defile, and we living ones  
Forget what men ye were, of whom the sons,  
And what your merchandise and where ye went;  
But Allah knows these things!

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*



OCTOBER 31st.







## NOVEMBER.

Come! in thy veil of sombre cloud,  
With mists around thee, like a shroud,  
And wan face, colored with no beam  
Of morning's glow, or evening's gleam;  
I would not see thee glad or gay,  
Dark month! that took my love away!

I would not see thee otherwise,  
Grey month! that hath the stormy skies;  
Cold month! that creeps with wintry hands  
Freezing the waters and the lands:  
So didst thou chill my heart one day,  
Drear month! that called my love away.

And yet I know—behind thy mists  
The gold sun shines, love's star subsists;  
If we could lift thy veil—maybe—  
Thy tender face were sweet to see!  
Come as thou wilt. I say not nay,  
Sad month! that led my love away.

NOVEMBER 1st.

Dead, but on dead foreheads wearing  
Crowns that make their death a birth,  
Won by hope that scorned despairing,  
Won in heaven for wars on earth.

. . . . .

All saints now, all now abiding  
In glad homes beyond the sky,  
Wearing, where salt tears were tiding  
Smiles of set felicity.

—*All Saints' Day.*

NOVEMBER 2d.

Look! the clay dries into iron,  
But the potter moulds the clay.  
Destiny to-day is master —  
Man was master yesterday.

—*The Book of Good Counsels.*

The greater beareth with the lesser love  
So it may raise it unto easier heights.

—*The Light of Asia.*

{ NICHOLAS BOILEAU, Poet, 1634. }

{ BORN. } MARIE ANTOINETTE, 1755. }

NOVEMBER 1st.

NOVEMBER 2d.

NOVEMBER 3d.

Small service is true service when the will,  
And not the work, is rated. I had rather  
A cup of water from a willing hand,  
Than a great bowl of purple Cyprus wine  
Meted me drop by drop.

— *Griselda.*

—no Heaven too high

For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 4th.

And if an evil nature knew  
The sacred Vedas through and through  
With all the Srutis, still must we  
Lower than honest Sudra\* be.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

All will go well.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

\* The name of the lowest caste. 366

{ WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Poet, 1797. }

{ JAMES MONTGOMERY, Poet, 1771. }

BORN.



NOVEMBER 3d.

NOVEMBER 4th.

{ HANS SACHS, Poet, 1494. }

NOVEMBER 5th.

As above the bloom the bee,  
When the honeyed revelry  
Is too subtle-sweet an one  
Not to hang and dally on.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Oh! thou wilt love her.  
Nay! I do.

— *Griselda.*

{ JAMES GREGORY, Inventor, 1638.  
BORN. }

NOVEMBER 6th.

Hath she a charm  
To witch all hearts to her? There's not a tongue  
That hath not learned to laud her.

— *Griselda.*

And thou too art so womanly, and resolute of will;  
So eloquent of other's good, so silent of their ill.

— *Lament.*

NOVEMBER 5th.

NOVEMBER 6th.

NOVEMBER 7th.

Whence came ye; and the people of the groves;  
The streams, the seas, the wilderness, the air;  
Beasts, fishes, fowl; each with their lives and loves,  
Each glad to be, each in its kind so fair?

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Many a knave wins fair opinions standing in fair  
company.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

NOVEMBER 8th.

Weep not for him!  
He sits with kings and heroes who are passed  
Into the everlasting, happy home,  
Where no wars are, nor wounds, and good men dwell.

— *The Birth of Death.*

When life dies like a white flame spent,  
Death dies along with it.

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 7th.

NOVEMBER 8th.

{ H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES, 1841. }

## NOVEMBER 9th.

No hurt he does, kind to all living things;  
True of word is he, faithful, liberal, just;  
Steadfast and patient, temperate and pure.

— *Nala and Damayanti*

Grief and loss come not anigh you,  
Glory guide and magnify you

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

BORN. { OLIVER GOLDSMITH, Author, 1728; }  
{ FREDERICK SCHILLER, Poet, 1759. }

## NOVEMBER 10th.

Men

Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,  
And drink of errors from a thousand springs,  
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break  
The fleshy snare which binds them.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Courtesy may cover malice.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

NOVEMBER 9th.

NOVEMBER 10th.

NOVEMBER 11th.

The still small voices of the summer day,  
The red Sirocco and the breath of May,  
The lingering harmony in ocean shells,  
The fairy music of the meadow bells,

. . . . .  
Have words to whisper, tongues to tell his name.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

I bid thee for the good of all.

— *The Birth of Death.*

NOVEMBER 12th.

“All the seasons there,  
The thunder of the mournful main I hear.”

— *Hero and Leander.*

Yet she is fair—oh! very,—very fair.

— *Venice.*

— all this spacious earth  
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed.

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ DR. JOHN ABERCROMBIE, Author, 1781 }

{ AMELIA OPIE, Novelist, 1769. }  
BORN.



NOVEMBER 11th.

NOVEMBER 12th.

{ SIR JOHN MOORE, 1761. }

NOVEMBER 13th.

For self contempt is stronger than scorn,  
It tortures the spirit most wrathfully.

— *Defeat.*

Not Circe with her silver wand  
And wildest witching smile,  
Could pierce the heart with so sweet a smart  
As the girls of our own free isle.

— *The Fairest of the Fair.*

{ SIR CHARLES LYELL, Geologist, 1797. }

NOVEMBER 14th.

Though base be the Herald, nor hinder nor let,  
For the mouth of a king is he;  
The sword may be whet and the battle set,  
But the word of his message is free.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

“Long be thy bliss!  
And lightly fall on him the load of life!”

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 13th.

NOVEMBER 14th.

NOVEMBER 15th.

The man with many kinsmen answers with them all attacks.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

The wings of the wind have left fanning

The palms of the glade ;

They are dead, and the blossoms seem dying

In the place where we played.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

NOVEMBER 16th.

It was in April that my heart was caught,

The day I saw thee plucking herbs and cresses —

I spake thee fair, but thou didst answer naught

And frowned, because folks passed, tossing thy tresses

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Veil after veil will lift — but there must be

Veil upon veil behind.

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 15th.

NOVEMBER 16th.

NOVEMBER 17th.

Let every soul  
Heed what it doth to-day, because to-morrow  
The same thing it shall find gone forward there  
To meet and make and judge it.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

The touch  
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands.

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 18th.

Thine own self is the stream for thee to make ab-  
lutions in :

In self-restraint it rises pure — flows clear in tide of  
truth,

By widening banks of wisdom, in waves of peace and  
ruth.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

— There is no grief like Hate!

No pains like Passions, no deceit like Sense!

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 17th.

NOVEMBER 18th.

NOVEMBER 19th.

Of the wife the lord is jewel, though no gems upon  
her beam;

Lacking him, she lacks adornment, howsoever her  
jewels gleam.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

—he is to me

Brighter than light which gleams from lotus cups,

Divine as are the immortals, dear as breath,

The master of my life, my pride, my joy.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

NOVEMBER 20th.

—and earth's foundations laid

So broad and hard,

To be your dwelling place;

And Heaven's star-jewelled face

Arched for your roof-top.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Pleasant friends drive pain away.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*



NOVEMBER 19th.

NOVEMBER 20th.

NOVEMBER 21st.

Calmly and silent as the fair full moon,  
Comes sailing upward in the sky of June.

— *Hero and Leander.*

Heaven is there  
Where love and faith make heaven.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

NOVEMBER 22d.

By their own deed, men go downward,  
By them men mount upward all  
Like the diggers of a well, and like the builders of  
a wall.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Reading, learning, praying, still  
Are outward deeds which ofttimes leave  
Barren of fruit minds that believe.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

NOVEMBER 21st.

NOVEMBER 22d.

NOVEMBER 23d.

I like it well!

Its jewels, making quaint and equal strife  
With red and blue, mock lips and eyes to life;  
There let them ever dwell.

— *From Aristippus.*

That it should be well  
For him and his.

— *Love and Death.*

NOVEMBER 24th.

Horses he loved, and ofttimes would he mould  
Coursers of clay, or paint them on the wall.

— *Love and Death.*

The wisest doctors say, "In every woe  
No better physic is than wifely love."

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

NOVEMBER 23d.

NOVEMBER 24th.

CHARLES KEMBLE, Actor, 1775.

NOVEMBER 25th.

She too, the dear and queenly, — she  
Whose perfect virtue paradise must crown.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

Our trust thou art!

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

A mother's heart outweighs the earth.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

BORN. { DION BOUCICAULT, Actor and Author, 1822. }

NOVEMBER 26th.

Look! the restless sea is sleeping,  
Milk-white ripple curling, creeping!  
Listen! all the winds are quiet,  
Folded up from rage and riot!  
Only in my heart the pain  
Wakes, and will not sleep again!

— *From Theocritus.*

NOVEMBER 25th.

NOVEMBER 26th.

NOVEMBER 27th.

The greatness of this deed which helps the world;  
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,  
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain  
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Sigh of doubt or shade of sorrow  
Ill beseemeth heart or brow.

— *All Saints' Day.*

NOVEMBER 28th.

I'll liken thee to fairy cloudland gleams  
Which mix the welkin and the world together;  
I will compare thee unto Dian's beams  
Who round poor cabins sheds her silver weather

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

My little noble girl.

— *Griselda.*



NOVEMBER 27th.

NOVEMBER 28th.

NOVEMBER 29th.

Never all her life  
Wrought our sweet lady one thing wrong, I think.  
— *The Great Journey.*

— gallant, kind,  
Reverent, self governed, gentle, equitable,  
Modest and constant. Justice lives in him  
And Honor guides.

— *Love and Death.*

NOVEMBER 30th.

And sing him strains which only spirits know,  
And make him captive with the silk-soft chain  
Of twinned-wings brooding round him, and bestow  
Kisses of Paradise, as pure as rain.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

O unknown one, who shinest like the splendour of a  
star,  
Peace and good will! for due to thee my salutations  
are.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

NOVEMBER 29th.

NOVEMBER 30th.







## DECEMBER.

In spangle of frost, and stars of snow,  
Unto his end the Year doth wend;  
And sad for some the days did go,  
And glad for some were beginning and end;  
But, sad or glad, grieve not for his death,  
Mournfully counting your measures of breath;  
You that, before the worlds began,  
Were seed of woman and surety of man;  
You that are older than Aldebaran!  
It was but a whirl round about the sun,  
A silver dance of the planets done,  
A step in the Infinite Minuet  
Which the great stars pace to a music set  
By Life Immortal and Love Divine  
Which sounds, in your span of threescore and ten,  
One chord of the Harmony, fair and fine,  
Of What did make you women and men.  
In spangle of frost, and stars of snow  
Sad or glad—let the Old Year go!

{ H. R. H. PRINCESS OF WALES, 1844. }

## DECEMBER 1st.

For Winter came apace, with snow and frost,  
And wild storms whistling up and down the coast:  
Lashed to its depths the tortured ocean shrank,  
While the wind drove its billows, rank on rank,  
Scourging their crests milk-white; all sailors then  
Drew up their ships upon the shore, for men  
Fear the fierce winter and the furious sea.

— *Hero and Leander.*

{ SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT, Lawyer, 1798. }

## DECEMBER 2d.

This is that Blossom on our human tree  
Which opens once in many myriad years —  
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's scent  
And Love's dropped honey.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Thunder for nothing, like December's cloud  
Passes unmarked; strike hard, but speak not loud.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*



DECEMBER 1st.

DECEMBER 2d.

DECEMBER 3d.

I culled a posy of snow-blossomed spray,  
With buds and berries gathered here and there,  
It was for thee; but thou didst turn away  
So grand!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Evil swells the debts to pay,  
Good delivers and acquits.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 4th.

A governed heart, thinking no thought but good,  
Makes crowded houses holy solitude.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Good fellowship hath any man with him  
To whom Heaven's ear as quick inclines itself  
As doth a mother's when her babe lisps love.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

DECEMBER 3d.

DECEMBER 4th.

DECEMBER 5th.

They who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn  
From life's low vale, and wing towards the Sun —  
— *The Light of Asia.*

When he spoke, those honeyed words which fell,  
Gladdened my heart and passed into my soul  
Deep — deep, till dearer seemed it than the notes  
Of Koils piping!  
— *The Saint's Temptation.*

DECEMBER 6th.

Fellow be with kindly foemen, rather than with friends  
unkind;  
Friend and foeman are distinguished not by title but  
by mind.  
— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Till life glided beguiled like a smooth stream  
Banked by perpetual flowers.  
— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 5th.

DECEMBER 6th.

DECEMBER 7th.

That time doth keep for us some happy years,  
That God hath portioned us our smiles and tears,  
Thou knowest, and I know.

— *A Ma Future.*

— Be friends,  
Take and give pleasure in glad company  
Each with the other, keeping happy hearts.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

DECEMBER 8th.

My month, I trow,  
Wears the red berries, and stars of snow.

— *January.*

Loosen from thy foot the bang  
Lest its golden bell,  
With a tiny, tattling jangle,  
Any false tale tell.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

DECEMBER 7th.

DECEMBER 8th.

{ JOHN MILTON, Poet, 1608. }

DECEMBER 9th.

Over the spangled grass  
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light  
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,  
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering  
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe.

— *The Light of Asia.*

— for all

Our good deeds needs must be so small.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

{ THOMAS HOLCROFT, Dramatist, 1745. }

DECEMBER 10th.

Shall such friends ever be broken?

No! No! they shall stand

Hand fast in hand.

— *The Wreck of the "Northern Belle."*

Long tried friends are friends to cleave to.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*



DECEMBER 9th.

. DECEMBER 10th.

DECEMBER 11th.

How can I live and lose him? How not go  
Whither love draws me for a soul loved so?

How yet endure such sorrow?—or how cease?

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

This which thou hast done  
Shall bring thee good and bring all creatures good  
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 12th.

Oh, voice! . . .

As night's bird, soft to hear.

— *Ode to Florence Nightingale.*

Like some delighted bird at sudden streams  
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,  
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 11th.

DECEMBER 12th.

DECEMBER 13th.

— So wretched

Apart from hers, — his spirit, bad and sad,  
Muses and moans, with grief's slow fire consumed  
Night time, and day time.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

The night that scents her breath so sweet  
With cool and musky odours.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

DECEMBER 14th.

Till none can tell whether those be  
Blue lotus-blooms, seen veiledly  
Under the wave, or mirrored gems  
Reflected from the diadems  
Bound on the brows of mighty gods.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

DECEMBER 13th.

DECEMBER 14th.

DECEMBER 15th.

Kind is kin, howe'er a stranger  
— Kin unkind is stranger shown.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

— all hearts did she gain  
By gentle actions, soft self-government,  
Patience and peace.

— *Love and Death.*

DECEMBER 16th.

Happily was I lodged,  
Well-tended, well-befriended in thy house.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Faith and Right,  
Being preserved, save all, and, being lost,  
Leave nought to save.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

DECEMBER 15th.

DECEMBER 16th.

DECEMBER 17th.

I pray ye answer me,  
Is there among ye here one I have wronged?  
I have borne rule, judging in Allah's name,  
That am a man and sinful; have I judged  
Unrighteously, or wrathfully, or pressed  
Too hard in the amend?

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

DECEMBER 18th.

Like the mighty deep,  
Which sees the moon and rises, all his life  
Uprose to drink her beams.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

As thou art pearl of princesses, so he  
Is crown of princes.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*



DECEMBER 17th.

DECEMBER 18th.



DECEMBER 19th.

DECEMBER 20th.

DECEMBER 21st.

There came one night, the wildest of the year,  
When the wind smote like edge of hissing spear,  
And the pale breakers thundered on the beach;

. . . . .  
Billow on billow rolled, the great seas roared  
Furiously leaping to the clouds, which poured  
Sleet and brine back, with scream of winds that met  
Midway from all the quarters:—Eurus set  
His blast against the West Wind; Notus blew  
His cheeks to bursting, Boreas to subdue.

— *Hero and Leander.*

DECEMBER 22d.

— as December's moon

Curbs the quick ripples into crystal swoon.—

— *Hero and Leander.*

He is not worthy of this pearl  
Who is not worthiest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Mine is the month that is born in the snow.

— *January.*

{ JEAN RACINE, Poet, 1638; [Novelist, 1805.  
{ BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Prime Minister and  
{ ARCHIBALD TAIT, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1811.  
{ DORN.

DECEMBER 21st.

DECEMBER 22d

DECEMBER 23d.

What! the tears glisten?

Indeed I would not wound thy little heart;

We'll be good friends, and kiss; but we must part.

In sooth,—I may not listen.

— *From Aristippus.*

Life and Death are one to us.

— *Armageddon.*

DECEMBER 24th.

'Tis good that thy name springs

From two of earth's fair things—

A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;

'Tis well that in all homes,

When thy sweet story comes,

And brave eyes fill—that pleasant sounds be heard.

— *Ode to Florence Nightingale.*

DECEMBER 23d.

DECEMBER 24th.

DECEMBER 25th.

Yet to be courtly is not to be wise,  
Nor just, nor generous, nor valiant;  
And many goods strong gold is weak to buy.

— *Griselda.*

It was in our hearts to find thee best,  
Being dearest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 26th.

She whose gentle hand I praise  
Woman is, with woman's ways,  
And I hold this gage of mine,  
None a hand — like Katharine.

— *Alla Mano della Mia donna.*

Bonnie he was when he fleeced my heart,—  
I hadna the heart to gie 'him the nay.

— *Effie.*



DECEMBER 25th.

DECEMBER 26th.

DECEMBER 27th.

Fair, golden-haired, and glad with the joy of her youth  
and her beauty.

— *Dedication.*

The warrior-gaze, as innocent of fear  
As any maid's of shame,—which, past the guilt  
And blood and battle, sees the triumph clear.

— *The Statue of Havelock.*

DECEMBER 28th.

Command me any deed that seemeth good  
In those dear eyes and I shall straight obey.  
I know some promise thus abundantly  
Who would not spoil a pair of shoes for thee.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

So bold in wifely purity,  
So holy by her love, and so upheld.

— *Love and Death.*

DECEMBER 27th.

DECEMBER 28th.

DECEMBER 29th.

Fair, be sure, was this great lady.  
Eyes, I guess, whose blue  
Cold and calm, but beaming steady  
Tender seemed and true.  
Certes, of a noble presence,  
Dutiful and staid,  
Worthiness was glad before her —  
Worthlessness dismayed.

— *Swanscombe Church.*

DECEMBER 30th.

It may be that they read our purpose wrongly,  
And ere they learn to know them, learn to fear  
The unresting hands, which silently, but strongly,  
Carve the broad pathway of the coming year.

— *An Apology.*

Pity makes the world  
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 29th.

DECEMBER 30th.

DECEMBER 31st.

Some fair frozen lady

Whose blood is all too courtly to run quick.

— *Griselda.*

Chime the bells to a marriage chime,

Strike the strings to a birthday song,

For the fairest daughter of Father Time

For the lady who cometh to live with us long.

— *New Year's Eve.*

BORN. { CHARLES, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, 1738. }

DECEMBER 31st.

## OLD YEAR.

Leave your ingles warm and cheery, gaze into the  
midnight dreary,  
Where the old year lies a-dying, —dying in the frost  
and snow;  
Gaze, and while his heavy breathing rises like the  
mists a-wreathing;  
While the far stars shake and shudder at the passing  
of his soul;  
When the death draws ever nearer, and the drear night  
waxes drearer,  
Chant your “Miserere mei” solemnly, and toll the toll.

615



INDEX OF NAMES.

A

B

INDEX OF NAMES.

C

D

INDEX OF NAMES.

E

F

INDEX OF NAMES.

G

H

INDEX OF NAMES.

I—J

K

INDEX OF NAMES.

L

.

M

-

INDEX OF NAMES.

N

O

INDEX OF NAMES.

Q



INDEX OF NAMES.

R

S

INDEX OF NAMES.

T

U—V

INDEX OF NAMES.

W

X—Y—Z

615 41













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 387 010 8

